The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* March *will be noticed in the* April *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th April, *in the* May *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We hear that young Mr. Irving, Mr. Henry Irving's elder son, is occupied in writing a life of Judge Jeffreys, the "Wicked Judge." Mr. Irving has lately deserted the stage after a brief career in Mr. Hare's company, and has returned to his original intention of studying the law, which is likely to leave him greater leisure for his literary pursuits.

It is rumoured that Miss Mary Anderson, or Madame Navarro as she now is, is engaged in writing the memories of her stage life. Madame Navarro now lives in seclusion with her husband at Tunbridge Wells, but her career as an actress was sufficiently varied to provide ample material for an amusing and interesting volume.

A specially interesting chapter in the Life of the late Lord Tennyson, upon which the Hon. Hallam Tennyson is now engaged, will be contributed by Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, the author of 'London Lyrics,' and editor of 'Lyra Elegantiarum.' Mr. Locker-Lampson's daughter (now Mrs. Augustine Birrell) was formerly the wife of the Hon. Lionel Tennyson. Mr. Locker-Lampson's contribution to the Life of Lord Tennyson will consist chiefly of personal reminiscences.

Miss Olive Schreiner is expected to visit this country in April or May next.

Dr. J. H. Bridges, one of the three chief English exponents of Positivism (Newton Hall school), intends to devote the leisure which his retirement from the Local Government Board has given him, to a stupendous piece of work—the editing of the works of Roger Bacon. Some Bacon MSS. of the first importance are thought to be in the Vatican, but the Vatican MSS. are not all neatly docketed, and the discovery of these is by no means a matter of certainty.

It is not generally known that Mr. Locker-Lampson published in 1865 (he was then Mr. Frederick Locker, the name of Lampson being only added to his own after the death of his father-in-law, Sir Curtis Lampson) a tiny volume, now rare and long since out of print, entitled 'A Selection from the Works of Frederick Locker.' It was illustrated by nineteen engravings by Richard Doyle, Mr Conan Doyle's uncle, with a frontispiece by Sir John Millais, and consisted of several poems from 'London Lyrics,' a few of which were restored to the reading of the first edition, and of poems which have not been included in any subsequent edition of 'London Lyrics.' The booklet, the cover of which was specially designed by Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., was published by Edward Moxon and Co., and the "C. C. L." to whom it was dedicated was Mr. Locker-Lampson's first wife, Lady Charlotte Locker.

A selection from 'London Lyrics' was also made by Mr. Austin Dobson. The book is dated 1881, but bears no publisher's name, being printed for circulation among friends. It was for this volume that Mr. Dobson wrote the following six lines, which are printed in a bluish ink in the place where the dedication usually stands:

> "Apollo made one April day
> A new thing in the rhyming way;
> Its turn was neat, its wit was clear,
> It wavered 'twixt a smile and tear;
> Then Momus gave a touch satiric,
> And it became a 'London Lyric.'"

The lines are signed "A. D.," Rowfant, October 1st, 1881. "Rowfant" is Mr. Locker-Lampson's country seat, near Redhill. His famous collection of rare Elizabethan literature was celebrated by Mr. Andrew Lang in the 'Ballade of the Rowfant Books.' The catalogue *raisonné* of this library is of no little interest to the book-lover, and contains a reproduction of George Cruikshank's etching, "Fairy Connoisseurs inspecting Mr. Frederick Locker's collection of Drawings, etc."

The "friend" referred to in the dedication to Mr. Locker-Lampson's 'Patchwork' was the late Dean Stanley, who was a connection of Mr. Locker-Lampson by marriage. 'Patchwork,' which was published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., is also out of print, and somewhat rare. On the title-page is given an engraving of the book-plate which was designed for Mr. Locker-Lampson by Mr. Henry Stacey Marks, R.A.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Bret Harte, and Mr. Walter Besant are all writing short stories for a special exhibition number of *Scribner's Magazine.*

We hear that, in addition to Captain Andrew Haggard, another member of the Haggard family has literary aspirations, namely, the Baroness D'Anethan, who has written a novel entitled 'A Diplomat's Daughter.' The Baroness was formerly Miss Mary E. Haggard, and is a sister of the author of 'She.'

Thackeray's 'Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush, Sometime Footman in Many Genteel Families' is threatened with a rival, and a new terror is added to the existence of celebrities. We hear that a volume entitled 'Facts and Fiction of Painters' Diction, by Lady Eastlake's Page, with Reminiscences of Sir Charles Eastlake,' has been, in all seriousness, offered to a firm of publishers for publication. Whether Lady Eastlake's permission has been obtained we do not know, but it is a fact that the MS. is in existence, and is enriched by letters from Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake, as well as photographs, and contains anecdotes of the celebrities who visited the house. The author's own portrait as he appears in and out of livery is also one of the attractions of this proposed volume. He has aspirations towards art-criticism, and comments freely upon the pictures in his late master's possession. It is only fair to add that the book exhibits Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake in the most amiable light, and is by no means badly written. The name of the writer is, we believe, Mr. Stephen Springall, but whether he has found a publisher or not we do not know.

We regret to hear that Miss Emily Lawless, the authoress of 'Grania,' is very seriously ill, and may not be able to work again.

'Many Intentions' is, we hear, to be the title of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of short stories. The volume will contain a number of stories which have already seen the light in serial form, and also some which are entirely new.

Mr. Christie Murray, who we regret to learn is very unwell, is at present staying at Matlock Bath.

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick has written a new novel, entitled 'Whincliffe.' Readers of her 'Splendid Cousin' in the Pseudonym Library will look forward to this new work with interest.

Dr. Doyle has, we hear, returned to the publishers of 'Micah Clarke' with the 'Refugees,' and Messrs. Longman will issue the story in book form on the conclusion of the serial publication.

The new translation of Rabelais, by Mr. W. F. Smith, of St. John's College, Cambridge, so long promised, has, we hear, just been issued to the subscribers. The translation is a remarkably good one. The price, which at present is 25s., will, we understand, be raised almost immediately, the limited edition not having yet been entirely sold.

In the forthcoming edition of 'Lavengro' (not of 'Lavengro' and 'Romany Rye,' as has been stated) to be published by Messrs. Ward and Lock, there will be illustrations of Borrow's house at Oulton, now pulled down, and of the summer-house where he worked. Mr. Watts' introduction is a full and interesting one.

Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney, avers that some of the reviewers of his 'Life of Cowper' have misunderstood his remarks *re* the poet's dream. "I have nowhere said," declares Mr. Wright, "that the dream was the dividing line between happiness and misery. It was the dividing line not between happiness and misery, but, as Cowper himself says, between Hope and Despair. After the dream Cowper had many happy days. In fact, he was generally happy when he could forget the awful doom which, as he thought, awaited him. After the dream he was, to all intents and purposes, an Epicurean, with this difference, that his argument was not, 'Eat, drink, for to-morrow we die,' but, 'Eat, drink, for *to-morrow the Pit of Roaring*.' This is very dreadful," adds Mr. Wright, "but it is the *only truth*."

Mr. Thomas Wright, in pursuance of his work in connection with the new Life of Defoe on which he is engaged, has discovered a number of interesting facts concerning Defoe's relationship with Northamptonshire, Tilbury, Bury St. Edmunds, and Bristol. Mr. Wright is assured he has discovered the key to 'Robinson Crusoe,' but this he will keep secret, of course, till the work is finished, which will be some considerable time yet. Many unpublished letters of Defoe, containing valuable material for the biography, have come into Mr. Wright's hands, and in his forthcoming volume he will endeavour to prove that Defoe, in declaring, in the 'Serious Reflections,' that he was himself "Robinson Crusoe," was, contrary to the opinion of most of his biographers, asserting what was in reality quite true. The leading features of the work will be (1) new light thrown on 'Robinson Crusoe'; (2) many fresh facts regarding the private life of Defoe, of which previous biographers say next to nothing.

Mr. Henry Hermann, joint author with Mr. Wilson Barrett of 'Claudian,' and with Mr. Christie Murray of 'He Fell Among Thieves,' has written a tale which will, in all probability, form the 1893 issue of 'Beeton's Christmas Annual.' The proposed title is 'Pandora's Box, or the Up-to-Date Mystery of a Christmas Toy.' Mr. George Hutchinson has been engaged to supply the illustrations.

Mr. James Rhoades, who has just published through Messrs. Longman a graceful and scholarly translation of the Aeneid, i.-vi. in verse, is a poet who has not yet met with the full recognition due to him. His first volume of 'Poems,' published in 1870, showed much promise, promise which seemed on the point of fulfilment in his dramatic poem 'Timoleon.' But his scholastic duties at Haileybury and Sherborne left him little leisure for literary work. In 1882 he published a translation of 'The Georgics,' and in 1887 a comedy in blank verse, 'Dux Redux,' which was produced at a matinée at the Novelty in the winter of that year. Mr. Rhoades has now left Sherborne, where for thirteen years he was the centre of the literary taste of the school, full of generous encouragement for the slightest symptom of promise among his boys. He has settled near Reading, and is, we understand, occupied in literary pursuits.

During the past month Mr. Rhoades read, to an audience of actors and actresses at the Pioneer Club, a new blank-verse tragedy, 'Teresa,' which made a very favourable impression upon his hearers. There are, we learn, very strong situations in the play, and a fine part for the heroine. Possibly the tragedy may be seen upon the London stage ere long.

Mr. Francis Adams, whose article upon the fiction of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. J. M. Barrie, which appeared not long since in the *Fortnightly Review*, was much commented on at the time, has written a novel entitled 'The Mills of the Gods,' in which certain phases of fashionable society are severely satirised.

Mr. Lionel Johnson, whose 'Art of Thomas Hardy,' so long delayed, is soon to make its appearance, has contributed a clever and humorous sketch of journalistic life to a new Oxford periodical, *The Spirit Lamp*.

Mr. Grant Allen is still staying at Antibes, where he is at present engaged writing some new short stories.

Mr. William Heinemann is engaged in the preparation of two sumptuously illustrated volumes treating of the life, times, and work of Rembrandt.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton has completed a new short story, entitled 'The Watchmaker's Daughter.' It will be published simultaneously, here in one of the monthly reviews, and in America in a Chicago paper.

The agent whom Mr. Kipling mentions in his letter to this week's *Athenæum* as having charge of all his literary affairs is Mr. A. P. Watt. Mr. Watt, we may mention, took his son into partnership at the beginning of this year, and the firm is now A. P. Watt and Son.

A short story from Mr. Stevenson's pen will commence publication in the *Illustrated London News* early in July.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. will publish Mr. Clark Russell's 'List, ye Landsmen' in book form, on the conclusion of the serial publication in *Tit Bits*.

Mr. Grant Allen has lately completed a new novel, to which he has given the title of 'Linnet.'

Mrs. Oliphant has taken a villa at Nice, and there is a rumour that she will in future reside there permanently.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, author of 'Pierre and his People,' who has been living at the quiet little village of Harpenden, near St. Albans, is expected home this month from a visit to Canada (where his headquarters were Belleville, Ontario) and the United States.

Mr. Phil May, who has been seriously ill, and unable to proceed with the illustrations of his "Summer Annual," is now, we hear, fast mending.

Mr. William Tirebuck, the author of 'Dorrie,' has written a novel, entitled 'Tantie Gwen.'

'The Dead Man's Step' is to be the title of the new detective story upon which Lawrence L. Lynch is engaged. This author's works, though they make no pretensions to literary merit, have had enormous sales in America, and have been very widely read in this country and Australia. Curiously enough, the writer is a woman.

Mr. James Clarence Harvey, joint author of the strangely named novel, 'Scarabaeus: the Story of an African Beetle,' which Messrs. Cassell and Co. will issue early in the present month, is an American, who for some years has been head of the editorial department of the United States Book Company. In his early years he was an actor, and several of his poems, 'Lines and Rhymes,' published in this country by Messrs. Gay and Bird, testify to his theatrical experiences. Mr. Harvey has collaborated, also, with Miss Theodora B. Wilson in a novel of American life, entitled After Many Days,' which will shortly be published in New York, and, in all probability, simultaneously in England.

A new descriptive work, entitled 'Shakespeare's Land,' by C. J. Ribton-Turner, will be ready for publication during the present month. The work has been many years in preparation, and besides giving a comprehensive description of the towns of Leamington, Warwick, and Stratford-on-Avon, it will contain a history of the Shakespeare family, and much new light will be thrown upon the early life and marriage of the poet. The publishers will be Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Limited.

Miss Mary Rowsell intends publishing 'Whips of Steel,' which appeared first in *Household Words*, in volume form.

Miss May Kendall's story, 'White Poppies,' which is now running in *Sylvia's Home Journal*, of which Mrs. Graham R. Tomson is editor, will be issued in volume form by Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co.

The same firm will publish almost immediately a new novel, called 'Andrew Fairfax,' by Mr. Joseph Hocking, brother of the better known Mr. Silas Hocking. We hear that the novels already published by Mr. Joseph Hocking (who, like his brother, is a Nonconformist minister) have had a very large sale.

Welsh.

Mrs. Walter Thomas has published, through Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, her monody on the death of the Duke of Clarence, which was awarded a gold medal at the Rhyl Eisteddvod last year.

Mr. Edwin Poole, Brecon, has issued a small *brochure* on John Penry, based on Waddington's 'Pilgrim Martyr'; but with the addition of an interesting chapter on "The Penry Pedigree," and some notes on Penry's influence in Breconshire.

Mr. J. Gruffydd Hughes, of Bala College, whose former booklet of *Caneuon* ("Songs") was well received, is about to publish another similar selection.

The memoir of the "Three Brothers"—known in Welsh literature as S. R., J. R., and G. R.—has at last been published. It is chiefly taken up with the Congregational and theological controversies of the century, and bristles with new subjects of controversy.

Canon Silvan Evans's Welsh Dictionary is proceeding apace. The first part appeared in 1887, the second in 1888, and now at the beginning of 1893 the third part makes its appearance, completing the first volume of 1,264 pages, and exhausting the first three letters only of the alphabet. It shows abundant signs of elaborate and careful research, and as the work of one man is in every respect praiseworthy.

Its defects could only be removed by the co-operation of a band of helpers, more especially in tracing the historical developments of words, and in supplying dialect-words. Both these departments are fairly provided for now, but there are important omissions.

Journalism. One of the features of the first number of the new *Home Magazine* will be an interview with Mr. Walter Besant. The article will be illustrated with numerous beautifully executed drawings of the new house which Mr. Besant recently built for himself at Hampstead.

Messrs. Gay and Bird have become the English publishers of the *Andover Review*.

The new proprietors of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Pall Mall Budget* are about to issue a new monthly magazine, which will appeal to cultivated rather than popular tastes. It will be a shilling illustrated magazine. Messrs. George Routledge will, we hear, publish it, both here and in America.

The experiment of publishing a serial story in daily instalments, which is now being tried in the *Westminster Gazette* and some North-country papers, has evidently proved successful. We hear that one of the papers in the syndicate, although only some seven chapters of the 'Dictator' have as yet appeared, is already making arrangements for another story to follow.

The "boom" given to short stories by their use in the *Strand Magazine*, *Black and White*, and some other periodicals, to the entire exclusion of the long story, seems to be over. The serial is everywhere again to the fore, and in book form short stories, except by some three or four well-known authors, are as great "a drug in the market" as ever.

The New Year has been already marked with several enterprises and innovations in Wales. Dr. Cynhaval Jones has undertaken the editorship of the monthly organ of the Calvinistic Methodists; while Prof. Silas Morris has become the editor of a new series of the Baptist bi-monthly—*Seren Gomer*. *Papyr Pawb* ("Everybody's Paper") is a new illustrated weekly of the order of *Tit Bits*, and *Gwreichion* ("Sparks") is a monthly of similar stamp. But the most important innovation is the starting of a new evening daily, the *South Wales Post*. It is published at Swansea, will be mostly in English, and its editor is Mr. W. Llywelyn Williams, B.A., late editor of the *South Wales Star*. In politics it will be Radical.

Booksellers. Mr. C. J. Hornby, a connection of the celebrated cricketer of that name, is to be appointed a partner in the firm of W. H. Smith and Son. He is a college friend of the Hon. W. F. Smith, the present head of the house, and accompanied him on his tour round the world.

The demand for large paper copies continues. When worthily produced, they are a good investment for the bookseller, who can lay them down like port wine. It is rarely that they do not yield a 10 per cent. per annum dividend, and fortuitous circumstances may largely increase their value when the selling time arrives. A well-known publisher is reported to have said of a successful book, "Now let us produce a new and *dearer* edition."

We hear, on good authority, that confident hope is expressed in New York that the affairs of the United States Book Company will be readjusted, and the business reorganised upon a sound basis. The assets are reported to exceed the liabilities by a sum sufficiently large to leave a satisfactory surplus for future operations. The difficulties of the moment have been principally caused by the purchase of an excessive number of copyrights. The firm has overburdened itself with so large a number of books that it was unable to place them satisfactorily upon the market, and so secure a remunerative sale for each. Under more conservative management, there seems no reason to doubt that the business will be successfully conducted in future.

The annual dinner in association with the Booksellers' Provident Institution will be held this year at the Holborn Restaurant, and will take place on Saturday, April 15th, the Hon. F. W. D. Smith, M.P., occupying the chair. The directors of this institution have just issued their annual report, from which it appears that the disbursements have been nearly £200 more than in the previous year, £1,525 having been expended in temporary and permanent relief. This large demand is principally owing to the depression in the bookselling trade, and to the fact that the members who joined when the institution was established in 1837, or their widows, are now drawing largely from its funds.

Continental. M. le Conte de Contades contributes an interesting study of De Quincey's essay on Joan of Arc to the current number of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. The essay is a bizarre production of De Quincey's later years, not in his best style. It was written after reading Michelet on La Pucelle, while he was living in Renfield Street, Glasgow, in 1847. But it furnishes the French critic with a text on which to hang some interesting reflections on De Quincey as a visionary and as a humourist, and also, in true Gallic style, on the characteristics of the English nation, its actors, its costumes, and its fun.

Is it of the New Humour M. de Contades is thinking of when he says, "Les Anglais ne rient que malaisément; pesans dans leurs badinages, violents et parfois sinistres dans leur plaisanteries, etc"? Or is he not observant enough to see how we have revolutionised our fun? But his description of De Quincey's humour is close enough. "Sa plaisanterie, fondée à habitude sur le paradoxe, a quelque chose d'inattendu et de très particulierèment étrange, qui ne laisse pas que de frapper, mais qui intrigue, ou plutôt, qui inquiète, comme un sourire sans motif dans une face paralysée."

Zola's 'Docteur Pascal,' the last of the Rougon-Macquart series, will begin in the *Revue Hebdomodaire* on March 18th.

An interesting record of literary life and struggle has recently been published by the well-known German man of letters, Ludwig Pietsch, under the name of 'Wie ich

Schriftsteller geworden bin: Errinerungen aus den funfziger Jahren' (Fontane, Berlin). Pietsch had a hard struggle, first as an artist and later on in literature, but he tells his story cheerfully. He was on intimate terms with the foremost literary men and artists of his time, and he has much of interest to tell of Turguenieff, Menzel, and Lassalle.

In the centenary of Goldoni, recently celebrated in Italy, there was a genuine note. His plays are still favourites on the stage, his wit is not too antiquated, and to national pride in the Italian Molière may perhaps be added the affection inspired by an exceptionally charming character, revealed to this generation by his letters. Salvini took part in the celebration at Florence. At the ceremony in Rome, Madame Ristori and Sarah Bernhardt were present. Venice, with which Goldoni was more especially connected, was not behindhand.

But while he lived it was Paris that did him most signal honour. Voltaire was extravagantly generous in his appreciation, and a strange incident of the Revolution is connected with Goldoni's fame. At the end of 1792 he was in Paris, over eighty years old, worn, poverty-stricken, but still cheerful. "Non m'é restato di buono, che un stomaco valoroso ed un cuore sensibile," he wrote to one of his friends in Italy at that time. At the beginning of 1793 his stress was still greater, and at a sitting of the Convention, very much concerned then with matters other than literary, Joseph-Marie Chénier asked the Comité de l'Instruction Publique to renew Goldoni's pension, which had been taken from him. And the Convention did it. But Goldoni died a few days afterwards.

American. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co. will publish Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Chalmers' in the English Leaders of Religion series, in America, simultaneously with Messrs. Methuen's issue of the book ere.

Messrs. Harper and Bros. have, we think, pursued a wise policy in not continuing to run Dr. Doyle's 'Refugees' throughout the year. The story will be concluded in the June number of the magazine. The large instalments which have been appearing cannot fail to attract more attention than the small ones which a run throughout the year would have necessitated.

Mr. Robert McClure, of the McClure syndicate publishing firm, sailed on Friday, February 17th, for New York. Mr. McClure is the English representative of the Cassell's Publishing Company of New York.

Miss J. L. and Mr. J. B. Gilder, the editors of the *Critic*, have acquired the controlling interest in that paper hitherto held by Mr. Charles E. Merrill. The *Critic* was founded by Miss Gilder and her brother in January, 1881. The paper recently changed its form, and illustrations have been introduced.

A most appreciative notice of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's 'Timothy's Quest' appeared in a recent number of *Punch*. Mrs. Wiggin's little books for children deserve to be more widely known here than they are. In America they are known and read from New York to San Francisco, and they sell in thousands, and the older ones as well as those more recently published. We believe that Messrs. Gay and Bird, of King William Street, who publish a large number of American books, have imported and copyrighted several of Mrs. Wiggin's stories.

Mr. George W. Cable has paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Roswell Smith, the founder and president of the Century Publishing Company. The tribute takes the form of a privately printed memoir of his friend, beautifully bound in white vellum, and containing a fine etched portrait.

Mr. Roswell Smith had practised as a lawyer before he planned, along with Dr. Holland, his great publishing schemes which revolutionised American periodical literature, and his legal knowledge was of great use in the new undertaking. His own literary work was small in quantity, consisting only of a short poem in the *Century* and two short stories in *St. Nicholas*, but most of the important schemes connected with the business were directly suggested and controlled by him, and his relations to editors and authors were most cordial and sympathetic. Mr. Cable has included in his memoir the testimony of both English and American men of letters to the high character and abilities of Roswell Smith.

NEW WRITERS.

MISS JANE BARLOW.

The author of 'Irish Idylls' has perhaps inherited some title to meddle in the making of books, as her father, Professor Barlow of Dublin University, is a writer of historical and philosophical works, and her great-great-grandfather, Brabazon Disney, was responsible for a commentary on the Psalms, which attained to considerable repute, aided possibly by his official status as head of the Dublin University Divinity School. She is of German and Norman descent, a mingling of nationalities which is sometimes supposed conducive to cosmopolitan rather than—Tennyson's definition notwithstanding—patriotic sentiment. But her literary work is probably much more powerfully influenced by the circumstance that her family has been for many generations practically Irish, and that she has lived all her life in Ireland, though with the breadth of the isle between her home in the county Dublin and the western Connemarese districts which are the scene of 'Bog-land Studies' and 'Irish Idylls.' The latter book attempts to describe, without pointing any moral social or political, the lot in life of some of the west-Irish peasants, whose hamlets may be found set parenthetically between the wide green pastures and the wide black bogs. That they are as a rule incredibly poor, and generally strangely patient, and that the remedy most commonly proposed for their, or other persons', relief, seems to them on the whole far worse than their disease, are truths which no tolerably faithful picture of their lives could fail to emphasise; hence they form a prominent feature in 'Irish Idylls.' It has been objected to these Idylls that they lay inadequate stress upon another not

less striking feature, the deep religious sentiment of the race. The strength of that sentiment can indeed be doubted by no one who has even a superficial acquaintance with the people amongst whom it exists. The Irish Celt is by nature

spiritually-minded, and would remain so were he to become at once sceptical and materially prosperous—two almost equally improbable contingencies. For his buried aspirations would rest as unpeacefully in a gold-mine as in a bog-hole. But then religion among these Irish Catholics has taken a form not by any means productive of those idiosyncrasies and eccentricities which lend themselves to humorous or semi-humorous treatment, such as is seen, for example, in Mr. Barrie's Auld Lichts. And this fact alone would account for a proportionately more sparing introduction of the religious element into a book which, though it may be written *οὐκ ἀπ' ἄκρας φρενός*, is but a volume of stories after all.

MRS. STEEL.

The writer of the stories of Indian life in *Macmillan's Magazine* which have been attracting attention lately, is not, as has been reported, Mr., but Mrs. Steel. She is Scotch, but was born at Harrow. Education, in the Board School meaning of the word, she had none, and she married early a Bengal civilian, the son of the late Rev. T. H. Steel, of Harrow School. During her twenty years in India she did a variety of work for the Punjab Government, for which she sometimes received its thanks, and sometimes the other thing.

Mrs. Steel was its inspectress of female schools for some years, an honorary post, and helped to write and illustrate its primers. The text-book on Domestic Economy and Hygiene, which is supposed to be teaching the Indian mother the duty of clothing her family in flannel next the skin, was by her. She was a member of the educational committee, and used to write for the newspapers occasionally, generally in opposition. Sometimes these efforts paid, sometimes they did not.

Mrs. Steel published, privately, a cookery-book in conjunction with a friend. It is in its third edition, and has been a pecuniary success.

On returning to England, she thought for the first time of utilising her almost unique opportunities and experience in short stories, designed to teach the British public that the world does very well without vestries or table-napkins. Having written a batch, she sent one apiece to most of the leading magazines. They were all returned, apparently unread, excepting 'Lâl,' which was accepted by Macmillan. Since then the same firm has published most of the rejected ones.

She likes India, its ways, its works, its people. She has been at their births and marriages and deaths, and she has tried to teach their boys and girls that though two and two make four, both East and West, a high standard of personal comfort is not synonymous with happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Steel live in Turriff, N.B., and have a grown-up daughter.

MRS. PINSENT.

The writer of 'Jenny's Case,' a recent novel of much promise, is Mrs. Pinsent, formerly Miss Ellen Frances Parker. She was born at Clasby, Lincolnshire, in 1866. Clasby, of which her father was rector, is a small village of less than a hundred inhabitants, situated on the first slope of the chalk wolds where they rise out of the flat marsh country, about three miles from Alford, six from Spilsby, and nine or ten from Somersby, Lord Tennyson's birth-place. She was educated at home by a governess till the age of ten, and afterwards by her mother and an elder sister. At sixteen she began to read widely by herself. After her father's death Miss Parker went to live at Milford, near Godalming. In 1888 she married Mr. Hume Chancellor Pinsent, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and has since resided in Birmingham.

In spite of the fact that many of the critics have pointed to Mr. Hardy's and Lucas Malet's influence on 'Jenny's Case,' Mrs. Pinsent had not read 'Tess' or 'The Wages of Sin' till after her novel was written.

MISS MARGARET FLETCHER.

Miss Margaret Fletcher, whose successful book of travels, 'Sketches of Life and Character in Hungary,' was published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein in the autumn, was born in Oxford, and lives there now. She is the second daughter of the Rev. Carteret Fletcher, Rector of St. Martin's Church. After leaving the Oxford High School, Miss Fletcher decided to study painting, with a view to making a profession of it. Her studies took her first to London, where she was admitted as a student at Burlington House at the age of nineteen. After three years in the Academy schools, she studied for short periods in Paris studios. It was when working there in the winter of 1889-90 (after the great Exhibition, when the Latin Quarter was crowded with foreigners) that Miss Fletcher first made the acquaintance of Hungarian artists. Their music and their accounts of their native land fired her with a wish to travel in Hungary, and led to her going in the summer of 1891, in company with an artist friend (Miss Rose Le Quesne), on the tour she has described in her book. She had never written anything since childhood's days, when writing stories in secret was a favourite amusement. The book was written at odd times and spare moments. Miss

Fletcher's time is usually occupied in teaching painting and painting portraits, and though her recent venture showed undoubted talent, literature is likely to remain the work of her leisure.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

I wish you would inform me wherein consists the weakness of that much despised and much abused story, 'Count Robert of Paris.' On account of its reputation I had always avoided it, and believed I had never read it. But recently, when taking, for reasons of mental health, a systematic course of the Waverley Novels, I came in due order to 'Count Robert,' and made two discoveries: first, that I had at some previous time read it, whether in this life or in some previous existence; and second, that it was a tale of great power and merit, which would make the fortune of any man except Scott. It is, of course, not on the level of his masterpieces. Even Scott could not produce a rival to 'Old Mortality'; nor can 'Count Robert' be put alongside of 'The Antiquary' or 'The Heart of Midlothian.' The plot grows a little too complicated, the *dénoûment* is rather weak, too much is made of the orang-outang, and the work certainly requires greater intellectual effort to comprehend and to follow than any other of Scott's novels. But the critic can easily find faults—even serious faults—in most of Scott's tales; and there are conspicuous and unique merits in 'Count Robert,' one of which is alone sufficient to give it a high value. I think there is no novel of the whole series in which Scott's method is more plainly disclosed. The art is not concealed by perfect art; some of the scaffolding is left standing round the building; and this, while detracting from its rank in literature, makes it all the more interesting and instructive for the student of Scott's mind and genius. The Germans say that the modern conception of history owes its origin to Scott; and no other of his works reveals so clearly what his conception of history was. He is determined to show Count Robert and Countess Brenhilda to the reader, not as figures in armour, but as human beings; and, repellent as they are at first, they grow before us warm with life and natural emotion as the action proceeds. The Count is, from first to last, an overgrown baby, as wilful, capricious, and passionate as a young child; but also, the reader gradually recognises, as lovable and simple and honest as a child. He must play fair, according to the rules of his code of honour, at whatever cost and whatever risk even to Brenhilda; his code of honour is narrow and simple, but it is his second nature, and dominates his thought and life. A character so simple is essentially *un-English*, but it is none the less true to nature and to life. So with Alexius and the rest. The historian may quarrel with details in them; but Scott makes them—or most of them—possible human beings, and not puppets of romance. There is a great deal of Scott's sly and quiet humour in the scene where Agelastes rouses the jealousy of Brenhilda by his tale of the Zulichian princess; and many other scenes deserve a high rank even in Scott's work.

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THE READER.

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THERE is a faithful Scot on a hillside in Samoa, much given to boasting in print of his high-set, far-shining palace, his nineteen waterfalls, and the blue sky over all. This in public; but when a far-travelled, much-enduring letter, at once broad and slim, overtops the brae and bears down upon us, having for trade-mark the crow-toe calligraphy which at the distance of a long sea mile proclaims our Louis Stevenson, what a different tale it is we hear. Instead of such public boastings, as of a night-returning boy who whistles loud to keep his courage up, we have only "O why left I my hame," with variations. "Do you know," we read, "that the dearest burn to me in the world is that which drums and pours in cunning wimples in that glen of yours behind Glencorse old kirk." "O that I were the lad I once was, sitting under old Torrance, that old shepherd of let-well-alone, and watching with awe the waving of the old black gloves over the Bible—the preacher's white finger-ends meanwhile aspiring through. Man, I would even be willing to sit under *you*, a sore declension truly, just to be *there!*"

Wherever he may be, under south English "roof of pine," or in Samoa on the back of the broad Pacific, Robert Louis Stevenson kindles like a flash to a memory of the country home of his boyhood. The eternal child in him rises to it like a trout at a fly.

"O man, to listen to ye, is like a cast-back into my youth! And to think that you can step to your front door and look out on Rullion Green and Swanston, Glencorse and Carnethy—and yet never think it worth your while!"

There is "a nameless trickle that springs in the green side of Allermuir, and is fed from Halkerside with a perennial teacupful"—a streamlet with a brief race and no history, save that by its side a dreamy, loose-jointed stripling used to come and sit, and most industriously make bad verses. Beneath lies the Lothian plain dotted with villages, blue smoke blowing westward over it, while to seaward is the pyramid of Berwick Law with the Bass a-tiptoe looking over its shoulder. Beneath there is a fine tangle of moss and heather, peat-hag and bracken, in which to play at hunted Covenanter. It was just here that Robert Louis Stevenson found his articulate soul. The spring is still there, the trickle of water, the one inconsiderable but indubitable pool, overhung by the smallest stone that was ever called a "rock." But for literary purposes 'tis an excellent rock. More excellent was it when our John-a-Dreams lay hid in the fastnesses and made a world for himself—or many worlds rather—some of which he has since annexed to English literature. Long and lazy, frank with himself and with his intimates, sulky with those unworthy to be admitted into his little world of imaginings, it is small wonder if many who then saw the moody boy, to this day retain the impression that he "had a want." Memory of Stevenson the Younger is mostly dead about the Pentlands. But some will still vaguely remember him as a lad "that lay aboot the dyke-backs wi' a buik"— this with the happiest touch of scorn for the "fecklessness" of such a performance. "He wasna

thocht verra muckle o'." "It wasna jaloosed (suspected) that he wad ever come to muckle." These are the sole impressions which the inquirer can now gather hereabouts of the boyhood of the romancer. In these latter unfavourable impressions, there is definite trace of the vigorously expressed paternal disappointment when one of the "strenuous family which had dusted from its hands the sand of granite" took to lying about dykebacks and getting its fingers inky.

His literary works are totally unknown about Swanston and the Pentland edge. Only one old wife has an idea that there was a "laddie Stevenson" who had written "something aboot the Covenanters," a creditable performance which was hardly to be expected of one who "favoured the Estaiblished Kirk." She is of opinion that she saw the identical pamphlet not so long ago. Here it is found after strict search, carefully preserved between the leds (boards) of the Bible—its green cover re-covered with an overcoat of brown paper which announces itself as having formed part of a teabag sold twenty-five years ago by a grocer of Penicuik. The "something aboot the Covenanters" resolves itself into 'THE PENTLAND RISING, a Page of History, 1666. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 17, Princes Street, 1866.' In the centre of the bold apple-green within the teabag cover, is the motto :

> "A cloud of witnesses ly here,
> Who for Christ's interest did appear.
> —*Inscription on Battlefield at Rullion Green.*

The little pamphlet of twenty-two pages, the earliest and rarest of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, is very accurately dated as having been completed at "Edinburgh, 28th Nov. 1866," that is, just a fortnight after he had completed his sixteenth year, and on the anniversary of the bi-centenary of the battle of Rullion Green. We may take it that the little pamphlet was written at Swanston with his eye on the immediate scene of the events. Childish enough in its writing, it is full of interest; and, though crowded with references to the authorities (Wodrow, 'Cloud of Witnesses,' Naphthali, 'Faithful Contendings,' Kirkton, 'Outed Minister,' and even Defoe's 'History of the Church'), for directness of impression and clearness of narrative it might have been written by a simple-minded eye-witness. There is no doubt on which side are the young author's sympathies. He is frankly partisan, as indeed every Scot must be by nature. The "persecutors" are all "bloody-minded" and "cruel." In this strenuous advocacy we see the lad who had already acted it all out on the green Pentland side. "I skulked in my favourite wilderness like a Cameronian of the Killing Time, and John Todd was my Claverhouse, and his dogs my questing dragoons." This is the true ineradicable way of learning history. The man who has thus learned his history may assume in later life a superficial calmness of criticism, he may read apologies for Clavers and Lag with resolve to rise superior to prejudice; he may even write them; but he will ever be Covenanter down at the heart of him, so that he cannot look upon a rusty old flag hung among bones and battle-axes in a museum without the water rising in his eyes, brimming to the overflow, and without gripping hands till the nails sink into the flesh to keep down something that takes him in the throat.

So it is strange in Stevenson's books, as well as in his conversation, to see his cosmopolitan ease, the calm light in the eyes which look out at once smiling and observant upon the wide world, in a moment exploded by a flash of suggestion from the bleak Nor'land where the whaups are crying about the Martyrs' graves.

Does one but mention the Grassmarket to him, and it is no more Louis Stevenson of Samoa and the World that listens, but the lad who at sixteen wrote of young Hugh McKail who was martyred there in the flower of his youth; it is no intellectual Gallio, but one who, though he might have marched with the clans from the braes of Mar because the skirl of pipes makes him mad, yet longs like Peden to be "wi' Ritchie" in the last stand which the preacher-soldier Richard Cameron made on Airds Moss. Artistic feeling, the society of many men, the influences of spheres where the Covenanters are only spoken of as ignorant rebels, have not changed the essential Covenanting base of Stevenson's character. Carlyle remained Annandale Dissenter till the day of his death. Whatever the rough insolence of his Annandale speech, Carlyle always acted as if in the presence of his mother's God. And does but a flag flutter, or a waft of smoke bring back the peat fires, and Robert Stevenson is back again in the much-enduring land, whose glories are forlorn hopes and whose victories the unconquerable despair of hopeless men fighting with their backs to the wall. This is that Pentland lad who wrote of the Covenant men in words which he may wish now to alter, but whose spirit is still his own—"Perhaps the storm of harsh and fiercely jubilant noises, the clanging of trumpets, the rattling of drums, and the hootings and jeerings of an unfeeling mob, which were the last sounds they heard on earth, might, when the mortal fight was over, when the river of death was passed, add tenfold peacefulness to the shores which they had reached." A page further on we have a picture which gives us a glimpse of the eery and other-world element in the lad. "Kirkton the historian and popular tradition tell us," he says, "of a flame that would often rise from the grave, in a moss near Carnwath, of some of these poor rebels; of how it crept along the ground, of how it covered the house of the murderer, and scared him with its lurid glare."

The manner in which this is told leaves us little room to doubt that the picture of the flame-wrapped house and the persecutor within, clammy terror sitting in the inwards of his soul, was one which long haunted the imagination of the boy. The idea is one which came out of the same basket as the spiritual terrors of Dr. Jekyll, and of Gordon Darnaway in 'The Merry Men,' and of Uncle Ebenezer alone in the great house of the Shaws. It shows that Stevenson, even as a schoolboy, was continually wandering round the confines of the other world, and companying with the men of a time to whom such things as these were the sternest of realities—the days, indeed, when in the words of the famous rhyme—

> "Hab Dab and Dawvid Dinn,
> Dang the De'il ower Dabson's Linn."

Stevenson never overwhelms his incident with landscape description like the school of William Black, in whose books the incident has often to dodge the pages of solid description in order to show its face at all. Nor, like some, does he go forward, habitually blind to outward nature,

and only deign specially to look at a scene when he has occasion to describe it; he observes, as one might say, *currently*, often without being conscious of doing so. We seldom find him sitting down to it, as it were, and saying, "Lo, I will describe a landscape." Yet even at sixteen, the boy who in the fulness of his powers was to write the marvellous description of the Merry Men of Aros, had begun to learn his trade. It is instructive to compare the following two passages:—"On such a night, he peers upon a world of blackness where the waters wheel and boil, where the waves joust together with the noise of an explosion, and the foam towers and vanishes in the twinkling of an eye. Never before had I seen the Merry Men thus violent. The fury, height, and transiency of their spoutings was a thing to be seen and not recounted. High over our heads on the cliff rose their white columns in the darkness; and the same instant, like phantoms, they were gone. Sometimes three at a time would thus aspire and vanish; sometimes a gust took them, and the spray would fall about us, heavy as a wave. Yet the spectacle was rather maddening in its levity than impressive by its force. Thought was beaten down by the confounding uproar; a gleeful vacancy possessed the brains of men, a state akin to madness; and I found myself at times following the dance of the Merry Men as it were a tune upon a jigging instrument."

Here the magic is due not to any very remarkable photographic accuracy of description, certainly not to the cataloguing which sometimes passes for realism, but to an author whose personality is never hid from us, and who is conscious of his power to charm us, making himself part of what he describes, and throwing the limelight of his imagination upon the mad dance of the waters. This description is as successful as Barrie's island in the floods in the 'Little Minister' and the Stonehenge scene in Thomas Hardy's 'Tess' are the reverse, because Stevenson has not attempted to take more of possibility out of his characters than he had put into their natures. In 'The Merry Men,' circumstance and personality go together, and mutually persuade us of the truth of each.

If a description written by Stevenson, the apprentice, be taken to compare with this masterpiece of the complete craftsman, the result is very instructive.

"The sun, going down behind the Pentlands, casts golden lights and blue shadows on their snow-clad summits, slanted obliquely into the rich plain before them, bathing with rosy splendour the leafless, snow-sprinkled trees, and fading gradually into shadow in the distance. To the south, too, they beheld a deep-shaded amphitheatre of heather and bracken—the course of the Esk, near Penicuik, winding about at the foot of its gorge—the broad, brown expanse of Maw Moss—and fading into blue indistinctness in the south, the wild heath-clad Peeblesshire hills."

Clearly, of course, this is the work of a beginner, but it is work done with an eye on the object—carefully done too, for though the effect of the whole be commonplace, it is so because it is easier to describe the Day of Judgment than an ordinary sunset. From Rullion Green every word is true, absolutely and exactly. The sun does still "slant obliquely," the Moorfoots do curve round to form an amphitheatre, through which the Esk water runs. Maw Moss is still a "broad, brown expanse." On the whole in 'The Pentland Rising' we have a prentice work of no ordinary promise, and one which, written at the age of between fifteen and sixteen, reveals many of the most interesting and remarkable characteristics of a style and personality as unique as any in all English literature. S. R. C.

JAMES HANNAY.

CONCLUSION.

Hannay's politics, Conservative proclivities, and unsuccessful candidature for the Dumfriesshire Burghs—Thackeray's defeat at Oxford—Hannay's contributions to the Quarterly Review*—Efforts for the improvement of the Conservative press in England and Scotland—The* Edinburgh Courant *becomes a Conservative organ, and Hannay its editor—Characteristics of his editorship—He returns to London, and contributes to the* Pall Mall Gazette *and other periodicals—Is appointed Consul at Barcelona—His life and work there—Contrast between his later years and those of Smollett.*

A FEUDALIST and a Carlylian when he first became a political journalist, Hannay was not at all attracted to the Manchester party, or to the Palmerstonian Liberalism which succeeded its supremacy, and was repelled by the vulgarity, as it seemed to him then, of that metropolitan form of Radicalism with which chiefly he came into contact. He was drifting towards Conservatism, when he surprised his friends by suddenly presenting himself as a candidate for the Dumfriesshire Burghs at the General Election which followed the defeat of Lord Palmerston, on the China question, by a coalition of the Conservative, Peelite, and Manchester parties. The Hannays came from that part of Scotland, and Hannay's father had in the old days contested Dumfries as a Tory. It was not, however, as a Conservative that he stood, but as James Hannay, man of letters and champion of "social reform." At public meetings of the electors he dilated on the desirability of increasing the man-of-letters element in the House of Commons, and instructed, if he did not convince, his hearers by telling them of the Parliamentary and official careers of the Queen Anne's men and others who had distinguished themselves in literature, even bringing into play so old a story as the diplomatic mission given to Grotius. The candidate whom he opposed was the late William Ewart, a commonplace man, but a zealous philanthropist. His championship of the abolition of capital punishment is forgotten, but he deserves to be remembered as the author of the first of those Public Free Library Acts the effects of which have been so extremely useful. Ewart had for sixteen years represented in an unexceptionable fashion the Dumfriesshire Burghs. The electors not unnaturally preferred their old member to such a comparative stranger as the brilliant young gentleman from London. Ewart polled 321 votes to Hannay's 125. By a rather curious coincidence, only a few months after Hannay's courageous candidature his friend and senior Thackeray stood unsuccessfully, at a by-election, for Oxford city, against that highly-respectable Peelite statesman Mr., afterwards Lord, Cardwell. These were Thackeray's and Hannay's first and last appearances in the electoral arena.

Though defeated, Hannay was not cast down. He plumed himself, indeed, on the number of votes which he had received, and as his supporters appear to have been chiefly Conservatives, his tendency to join their party was strengthened. With the true literary instinct, moreover, he proceeded at once to utilise his recent and often amusing experiences of canvassing in an article on "Electioneering," in the *Quarterly Review*, a connection with which he had formed some time previously. It was an instructive as well as agreeable article, for it contained lively sketches of some of the most notable contests in our electoral history. Some nine articles, biographical, historical, and literary, all of them interesting, thoughtful, and vivacious, which during these years he contributed to the *Quarterly*, he republished afterwards in a volume dedicated to Carlyle. I remember the natural glee with which early in his connection with that famous periodical he spoke of having "led off the *Quarterly*" thrice, his articles having received the place of honour in three numbers consecutively. He did not write in it expressly on politics, but his connection with the great quarterly organ of Conservatism again drew him closer to the Conservative party. Hannay became more and more Conservative, and that at a time when it was comparatively uncommon for clever young men to join their fortunes to the depressed and defeated party, which it was then. The wit, pungency, and vigour of the satire which he heaped on Liberals and Radicals attracted the admiring notice of one of the younger leaders of the Conservative party, who, as Hannay told me, pronounced him "the Douglas Jerrold of Conservatism."

This appreciator of Hannay's rare satirical powers was one of the Conservative leaders who recognised the necessity for improving and developing their press, which at the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws had fallen into deplorable ineptitude, and for enlisting in its journalistic service men of mark and likelihood. Something had been done in this direction in England when the Scottish Conservatives, too, came to the conclusion that their cause might be advanced by the establishment of a daily organ in Edinburgh to confront the all-powerful *Scotsman*, edited as it was by the late Alexander Russel, the ablest journalist whom Scotland had then produced. To his merits a tribute was paid in THE BOOKMAN for June, 1892. They made the arrangements needed to convert into a daily Conservative organ the venerable *Edinburgh Courant*, which at that time maintained a strict political neutrality. The younger leader of the English Conservatives who has been already referred to, recommended Hannay for the editorship of the transformed *Courant*. Hannay was both a husband and the father of a somewhat numerous family. The salary offered was, for those days and for Scotland, considerable. Hannay accepted the post, and held it for four years.

"Like his national symbol, the thistle, he had a prickly wit and a prickly temper," Hannay once wrote of Smollett, and might have said of himself. Coming, moreover, from the headquarters of politics and literature, the admired of English Conservative chiefs and the friend of Thackeray and Carlyle, he looked down, unhappily, on the political and literary notabilities of Edinburgh, whether they belonged to his own party or not, and never hesitated to make them know that he looked down on them. Not in the very least a tuft-hunter, and accustomed to lead an extremely free and easy life among his brethren of the pen in London, he eschewed in Edinburgh that society of the higher class which his editorial position enabled him, and might have tempted others occupying it, to cultivate, choosing for his associates boon companions who looked up to him, flattered him, and encouraged his imprudences, laughing approvingly when in doubt as to the choice of a victim for his next leading article, he would ask, "Who is to be hoisted to-day?" The aim of the managers of the *Courant* was to popularise Conservatism in Scotland. Hannay's was to preach his gospel of "blood and culture," and to satirise those whom with or without reason he disliked. He lashed the organs and oratory of the Whig *bourgeoisie* of Scotland as deficient in respect for "blood." "Culture" is perhaps more generally diffused among Scotchmen than among Englishmen, but the educated and educating classes in Scotland are certainly inferior to the Southron in classical scholarship, and this Hannay chose to identify with culture. He seemed to lie in wait for any misquotation from a classic or mispronunciation of a Greek or Latin word, and then came a castigation which made Edinburgh ring with the wail of the delinquent and the protests of his indignant friends. Mrs. Oliphant has filled whole pages of her biography of the late Principal Tulloch with an account of the surely needlessly painful effect produced on him by Hannay's satirical comments on some trivial misquotations and mispronunciations, and she even hints that these aggravated the malady under which Dr. Tulloch sank into the grave! And what was occasionally censurable in the tone and tenor of Hannay's contributions to the *Courant* was too often allowed to neutralise the much that was admirable in them. Many of them are models both in matter and manner, the products of a keen and vigorous intellect, and rich in felicitous illustration. Hannay always wrote with the greatest care, and no slipshod sentence ever escaped from his pen. I know of hardly any British journalist since Albany Fonblanque whose newspaper articles so well deserved republication as those which Hannay collected from the *Courant* and re-issued in a volume of 'Characters and Criticisms.' With other interesting matter, grave and gay, it contains what, so far as I am aware, is very much the ablest and most conclusive reply ever made to Buckle's shallow account of the history and working of Presbyterianism in Scotland.

Hannay's already weakened hold on his Edinburgh editorship received a final blow (at least, so I was told) through the death of a wealthy Scotchman, who was not only one of his warmest admirers, but an important contributor to the finances of the *Courant*. Coincident, fortunately, with this event, was the establishment of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the projector and first editor of which, Hannay's old friend Mr. Frederick Greenwood, offered him a substantial engagement on it, and this he accepted cheerfully. At the outset, and for some years afterwards, the *P. M. G.* was an organ of so-called "Philosophical Liberalism," and Hannay once hinted to me rather plaintively that he could find in it no expression for his Conservatism. Both during and after his editorship of the *Courant*, however, he was a frequent contributor to the *Cornhill*, and on his glad return

from Edinburgh to London, he contributed occasionally to the *North British Review* and to *Temple Bar*. I remember a striking article of his on George Buchanan in the *North British*, and one on Béranger in *Temple Bar*, for Hannay's range of intellectual sympathy was wide. It was in the *Cornhill* that some of the best of his later literary work appeared. To it belongs the article on London Bohemianism quoted last month, with another full of acute and not ungenial comment on Scotland and the Scotch during the second half of the nineteenth century, as well as an admirable article on Martial, which enabled the reader, in Hannay's own words, to "realise the life that Martial led almost as well as if he had now chambers in the Temple and published his books in Piccadilly." I saw a good deal of Hannay during the later years of his final residence in London. He was hospitable, social, witty, anecdotical as ever, but his circumstances were somewhat clouded, for Hannay never was intimate with that Prudence whose presence, according to one of his favourite Roman satirists, brings with it all the deities favourable to man. Through the kindness of the present Lord Derby, then Foreign Secretary, he received, just when he needed it most, a consulship, ultimately at Barcelona, with an income not only adequate, but steady. The substance of the consular reports which he sent to the Foreign Office was probably furnished by his subordinates, but there were in them occasional Hannay-like touches, as when he indicated the superiority of this or that cheap vintage of Catalonia to the dearer sherries vended in London. I heard from him now and then, his letters being full of longings for London and of weariness with the sight of orange groves, of blue skies and sea. His greatest delight was to welcome the arrival of a British man-of-war, to board it, and to carouse with the officers of a service which he loved to the last. At Barcelona he wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a series of lively and interesting letters from "an Englishman in Spain." The night before he died he corrected for the *Cornhill*, where it duly appeared, the proof of a characteristic article on "Sea Novels: Captain Marryat," in which occurs the passage respecting Smollett previously quoted. It is worth noting that Hannay received his consulship from Lord Derby exactly a hundred years after the invalid and work-worn Smollett sailed from England to die in Italy, having been refused by Lord Shelburne a similar appointment, although the kindly David Hume, then Under-Secretary of State, did his utmost to procure it for him. During one of their latest interviews, Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth united in lamenting the ministerial ill-treatment of the author of 'Humphrey Clinker.' No future Wordsworth and Scott will be able to join in complaining that James Hannay met with the neglect which embittered the last years of Smollett. Φ

A NEW IDENTIFICATION OF 'WUTHERING HEIGHTS.'

IT is useless to think the wide stretches of barrenness in Emily Brontë's recorded life can ever be filled in by any painstaking biographer. The time has gone, the materials have vanished. When the task was possible there was no demand for particulars. There was one episode in her life, however, to which it is perhaps not too late to call attention. From September, 1836, to March or April, 1837, she was a teacher near Halifax. The fact is mentioned in several books, but I do not think any attempt has been made to gain information about that period, which perhaps fixed upon her mind certain names and landmarks afterward woven into her weird story. The sisters were all away from home that winter of 1836-7, and to Emily especially this was like being thrust out of Paradise.

Charlotte, in a letter dated October 2nd, says: "I have had one letter from her (Emily) since her departure; it gives an appalling account of her duties; hard labour from six in the morning to eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between. This is slavery. I fear she can never stand it." That was the sort of experience to stamp a place upon the memory.

The school was not at Halifax, but outside the town, near the village of Southowram. In Davis and Lee's 'West Yorkshire' the height of Southowram above the sea-level is given at 980 feet. I believe the Hebble Brook, which flows along the foot of the hill, is 320 feet, which means that the visitor must ascend 660 feet in the mile's walk or less, from the bottom to the top of Southowram Bank. Arrived there, he finds himself on a small table-land, rising a little to the north, until Beacon Hill is reached. Its greatest length is from north to south. Halifax is to the west, and Shibden Vale to the east. A few hundred yards beyond Bank Top, on the way to Southowram, a large house stands on a small hill at the left-hand side. The elevation is not noticed from the road, because part of it has been levelled, and the house hides the rest; on the other side, however, it stands a prominent object overlooking Shibden Vale. The house is called Law Hill; in 1836 it was a boarding school, and there Emily Brontë spent the winter months in the manner described by her sister Charlotte.

The house is large at the present time, but in 1836 it was far larger. The inscription over one entrance has been worn away by the weather. The premises occupy three sides of a square, and face southward. The east wing, the most important part of the house, is double-fronted and three stories high. When Emily Brontë was there, it contained the sitting-rooms and dormitories. Unfortunately there is no tradition even to appropriate any special room to Emily. All to be learnt about her is that "A Miss Brontë was here a long time ago." I found a gentleman who lived close at hand during that winter of 1836-7, who was able to tell me all about the house at that time, and the ladies who kept the school.

"It was a famous school," he told me. "The Miss Patchetts kept it as far back as I can remember anything, and I was born in 1818. There were two sisters of them, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Maria. Miss Maria was very gentle, but Miss Elizabeth was stately and austere. We always understood she knew how to keep things in order. Miss Maria got married, and went to live at Dewsbury. I think that would be previous to 1836. Then Miss Elizabeth kept on the school a few years, but not for long; she married Parson Hope, the vicar of St. Ann's, at Southowram, and the school was given up."

When Law Hill was built, it was intended to contain

LAW HILL.

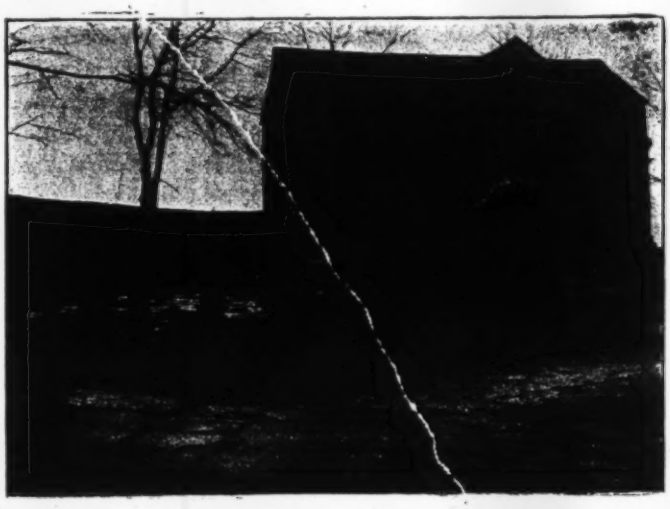
within itself everything required for a country house, a farmstead, and a manufacturer's warehouse. The north side of the quadrangle consists of barn and hayloft, with stable and cowshed. The west wing has been turned into cottages, but in Miss Patchett's time the schoolroom was there. The doorway leading to a staircase, by which the room was reached, has been built up; it stood in the gable-end. Many windows have been built up or altered. That west wing was a warehouse originally. Weavers worked at home in the olden time, and brought in their "pieces" when they were finished. When the Miss Patchetts commenced their school, they simply turned the warehouse into a schoolroom; but they kept cows, and perhaps a horse. The barn (or laith) and the cowhouse (or mistal) were in active use, so that the establishment had its farm-like attachments and surroundings. A few stunted firs and thorns are to be seen near Law Hill, but the neighbourhood is almost treeless.

I will now give my reasons for thinking Law Hill and the district near suggested the scenes described in 'Wuthering Heights.' There is evidence in the book that Emily Brontë had some particular neighbourhood in her mind. I am acquainted with four "Wuthering Heights." There is Grimshaw's Parsonage at Haworth; Sowdens it is called. Miss Robinson points out the impossibility of supposing that was the place. There is Ponden Kirk, within a few miles of Haworth; this is now called Wuthering Heights, but there is no building there, and as far as we know there never was. Withern's Hotel, a public-house on the moors beyond Cold Edge, a few miles from Halifax, is another Wuthering Heights. Its loneliness and its elevation, together with its name, seem to have suggested the likelihood of its being the house meant by Emily Brontë. Witherns is one of the commonest place-names in the West Riding. There is a Witherns about three miles from Haworth, on the moors, a hill with three meanly-built farmsteads on it. One of them is idealised as Wuthering Heights, in the illustrated edition of the work. But here again the name has suggested the identity. The geographical surroundings of this Witherns do not fit the book; and Emily gave distances and directions with minute exactness.

From the book we learn that four miles to the south-west is Thrushcross Grange, where the Lintons lived. Somewhere to the south-east of Wuthering Heights, and to the north-east of Thrushcross Grange, is the village of Gimmerton. Outside that village, and further away from Wuthering Heights than the village itself, but on a road which might be taken from the Heights to the Grange, is a kirk or chapel, not belonging to Dissenters, but to the Church of England; towards the end of the story no service is held in it, but it becomes neglected and dilapidated. There are stone quarries in the neighbourhood of Gimmerton. There is one chapel in Gimmerton, belonging to the Dissenters, but the writer is not sure whether it is Methodist or Baptist. There is a neighbouring town. There is no description of Gimmerton or of the people there. Thrushcross Grange is not described, but great familiarity with Wuthering Heights is shown.

The village of Southowram is to the south-east of Law Hill; it is built along the edge of Shibden Vale, which it overlooks. At the beginning of 'Wuthering Heights' the old name of Gimmerton is given as Gimmerden, which means valley of the sheep (a gimmer is a two-year-old ewe). Shibden means valley of the sheep, and in ancient deeds still in existence the first part of the word is spelled sheep.

St. Ann's Church at Southowram is outside the village; but until the year 1819 the church was almost a mile away, and was called Chapel-le-Breer. It was built some time before 1520, but there is no evidence that it ever was consecrated. The grandfather of a lady now living not far away remembered when there was no resident minister, but when a clergyman would ride over on horseback to conduct services at it. "My mother told some funny tales about Chapel-le-Breer, and about the parsons connected with it," said the gentleman whom I quoted previously. An old building which is standing now was pointed out to me as the chapel, and in 1836 it was called the chapel. I think the original structure has been demolished; but my informant assured me that when he was a youth, the present building was regarded as part of the old chapel. In the third chapter of 'Wuthering Heights,' reference is made to "A Pious Discourse, delivered by the Reverend Jabes Branderham, in the chapel of Gimmerden Sough." That is the same place; Sough is not a common name, but the fields near Chapel-le-Breer are called Sough Pastures, and there is a farm not far away, called Sough Holme. I am not sure that there was a burial-ground there, but people



CHAPEL-LE-BREER.

thought there had been; and piles of broken stone under the trees within the enclosure were pointed out to me as pieces of old tomb-stones. The references in 'Wuthering Heights' to Gimmerton Kirk or Chapel are remarkably appropriate to Chapel-le-Breer.

Four miles south-west is Crowstone Hall, which may have suggested Thrushcross Grange; but Emily showed no familiarity with that part of her locality. Gimmerton is frequently named in the novel, but there is no hint as to its distance from Wuthering Heights, and no evidence of familiarity with it, which might have been expected if Haworth had been meant, as many people suppose. The road from Law Hill to the church does not pass through the village, and Emily may have known as little about Southowram as if she lived twenty miles away. She says there was a Dissenting chapel, but whether Baptist or Methodist she does not know. It was Methodist.

The names of persons in the book are nearly all racy of the soil. Lockwood and Dean are very common. Heathcliff is manufactured from two of the most familiar place-names in a district crowded with hills and moors. Linton is referred to by Mrs. Gaskell when she quotes, in reference to another subject:

> "From Penigent to Pendle Hill,
> From Linton to Long Addingham."

Then there is Earnshaw. A lady who lived at Law Hill more than twenty years ago did not remember the school, but she said, "If Mrs. Earnshaw had been alive she could have told you everything. At one time Mrs. Earnshaw was a servant at the school."

In many particulars the district about Law Hill has been transformed since 1836, but enough remains to prove that it was the scene of 'Wuthering Heights.'

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

THE AUTHORS' CLUB.

THE Authors' Club, though entirely disconnected with the Society of Authors, and situated at a distance from it, is its natural complement. Without it the Society was handicapped by the fact that the only link between its members was the secretary, who was seldom consulted, and then only about a grievance. English authors had not been gregarious like American authors. Few of them would have known each other even by sight but for the solemn annual dinner, at which, sitting in accordance with the printed plan presented to each, they could make up for the lack of conversation by furtive identifications.

The temporary premises opened last year at 17, St. James's Place were unfortunate in site, though appropriate by association. The house belonged to the Marquess of Hertford, immortalised as Lord Steyne in 'Vanity Fair.' His decorations are left untouched in the great drawing-room used for the club nights. But then St. James's Place being a *cul de sac*, members could not take it *en route*, shown by experience to be the only way in which the average author patronises his club. It was also too far west for the journalist.

The new premises adjoin the National Liberal Club. They occupy a ground floor and a basement floor, the latter opening on to a fine smoking-court, about sixty feet long, cut out of the Embankment garden. Two rooms have been thrown into one for the great club-room to be used both as dining-room and for entertainments, as is done at the Savage; and two rooms have been thrown into one in the basement to make a good billiard-room, adjoining the card-room. A good cheap lunch and special suppers are features that will commend themselves in a club where the author will be likely to drop in on his way home by the Underground after seeing his publisher in the morning, or in the interval between the theatre and the last train at night; while it is a halfway house for the journalist between Parliament and Fleet Street.

The club is on the lines of American authors' clubs. The "Authors'" and "Aldine" in New York have their club nights, at which men like Stockton and Mark Twain "tell stories"—hence the entertainment of "Uncut Leaves." The "Century" Club at New York, and the "St. Botolph" at Boston have their club night once a month. The English Authors' Club is, at least, certainly fulfilling its primary object in bringing authors closer together. Among the members of the committee are Walter Besant, Thomas Hardy, James Payn, Rider Haggard, Jerome K. Jerome, J. M. Barrie, Conan Doyle, Lewis Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, Edmund Yates, Mr. Labouchere, H. A. Jones, Sidney Grundy, Arthur à Beckett, the editors of the *Athenæum* and the *Graphic*, Sir Robert Morier, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, Lord Monkswell, and the Earl of Pembroke.

NEW BOOKS.

TWO NEW TRANSLATIONS OF DANTE.*

Mr. Shadwell's experiment is as interesting as it is original. He has adopted the metre of Marvell's Horatian 'Ode to Cromwell.' Were not that poem an acknowledged masterpiece, we should hardly admit that a metre so excessively rare and uncommon could satisfy his own canon that the terzina must be represented by a distinctively *English* metre; but Marvell's authority is for several reasons quite sufficient. Having hit upon this ingenious idea, Mr. Shadwell has worked it out with no less ingenuity, and in his Preface—itself a model of brevity, lucidity and good taste—supports it by arguments in which we can detect no flaw. Every previous experiment having proved a failure, at least relatively to the (impossible) object in view, he states a very strong case for the Marvell metre. It preserves the arrangement into stanzas, and those of much the same capacity, Marvell's short third and fourth lines taking the place of Dante's third, besides being (as Mr. Shadwell acutely remarks) well adapted for introducing "a subordinate clause, a reflexion, an illustration or a parenthetic statement"—some of which occur in nearly every terzina of Dante. Further, Marvell's 'Ode' has several features in common with the 'Divina Commedia.' Lastly, we might venture to add that Marvell's metre, if unfamiliar, has at all events never been vulgarized by modern use. These are strong claims, but the translator has done much to bear them out. In a sympathetic, thoughtful and suggestive Introduction—not that I can accept every one of its suggestions—Mr. Pater commends this version as "singular in its union of minute and sensitive fidelity almost to the very syllables of the original, with that general sense of composure and breadth of effect" which marks the great Italian classic. This is not going an inch too far. So far as I have yet tested it—for of course an adequate study must be a complete, a minute, a ruminating study—I am fully conscious of both the inseparable characteristics on which Mr. Pater insists, especially of the first. In fact the note of Mr. Shadwell's work seems to me its ingenuity; not so much the *curiosa felicitas* of his luckiest hits, as the word-craft, the technical skill, the watchfulness, the sharp judgment which he has ever at command. Clearly he has reduced his translating to an art; he has framed his rules for that art; he does not tell us what they are, probably he has never reduced them to writing; but definite, though unconscious rules and methods he, like every perfect craftsman, undoubtedly works by. After long and patient experiment he has acquired an almost Japanese sureness of hand and eye. He takes a stanza and rapidly—I do not say at a glance, for that is rarely if ever possible—he hits upon the right way and the best way to disjoint the Italian clauses and piece them again together in the English. The task is after all not unlike the puzzle-maps of our early days—by practice skill became intuitive. When Mr. Shadwell has solved a problem it is easy to say that there was but one way of solving it, but that way was

* 'The Purgatory of Dante' (I—XXVII.) An Experiment in literal verse Translation. By C. L. Shadwell. (Macmillan and Co.)
'The New Life of Dante.' Translated by C. E Norton. (Macmillan and Co.) Price 5s.

not so easy to find out. Nor does he attain literal accuracy at the price of obscurity and uncouth diction, the trap into which Dean Plumptre fell. Rugged and crabbed in places every close translation must perforce be, but so is the original—if we dare breathe the truth about it. Many lines are neither poetical nor luminous, but it would be hard to better them without bad translation. It is usual to turn for tests to the famous passages on which previous translators have exercised their ingenuity; I prefer to select a few almost at random. Take xviii. 53 as an example of thoughtful rendering:

"Però, la onde vegna lo intelletto
L'Delle (prime) notizie, uomo non sape,
Nè de' primi appetibili l'affetto
Che sono in voi, sì come studio in ape
Di far lo mele; et questa prima voglia
Merto di lode o di biasmo non cape."

"Wherefore man knows not whence derives
The understanding that receives
The firstlings of our sight,
No, nor our appetite:
These are in you by instinct born,
As bees to make their honey turn:
This primal will can ne'er
In praise or blame have share."

As one of his frequent felicitous expansions take xxii. 7:

"My face, my feet, as swift I turned
After those sages, where I learned
Discourse, my toil that paid,
And all the cost outweighed,"

which accentuates without overloading Dante's "Che l'andar mi facean di nullo costo." Or again, xii. 57: "Sangue sitisti, ed io di sangue t'empio," which is turned:

"'Blood didst thou crave,' she cried,
'With blood be satisfied.'"

As a whole this version is beyond doubt a scholarly—nay, a masterly performance. That Mr. Shadwell has stumbled at none of the awkward or disputed passages in his author may be taken for granted; I have neither troubled, nor presumed to check them off. Further he has, in some way which I cannot precisely explain, reflected the tone and accent of Dante, to me unmistakable because not wholly soothing. He is usually dignified, sonorous, and lucid, and where the exigencies of rhyme force him to sink, it is to quaintness rather than to bathos or obscurity.

But I cannot regret with Mr. Pater that he has not finished the 'Purgatory.' These twenty-seven cantos are complete in themselves, and his experiment will take a high place among our Dante-literature. But is it wise to continue? would the result be worth the immense labour it involves? On the whole I think not, and that for one single reason, which, however, may after all be a bad reason. It is that I cannot go on reading this metre aloud with the least effect of poetry. There may be a way of doing it, but I cannot do it. The short couplet makes a sort of sing-song, which would tell if it recurred less frequently, but as it is seems to suggest a weird antiphonal litany. In fact, it lends itself to the schoolboy's monotonous gabble after a page or two. It is strangely spasmodic compared to the hexameter or terza rima; especially does one miss the strongest epic feature of the latter, the unbroken concatenation of rhyme. Even in the short 'Ode to Cromwell" these defects begin to appear. But a strong, abrupt, original—I will even add a harsh—metre may impress when first applied to a kindred subject, yet may utterly fail as an epic medium. I cannot make this Marvell metre flow; like a strange cat who last night joined my walk, it scuds on ahead for a bit, then twists, turns, stops dead and trips you up, then off again. However, others may be more successful. But for myself I must admit that, admirably as Mr. Shadwell has worked out his plan, he has not driven me from my heretical position, that the most we can do for Dante is to print him very plain and big, and on the opposite page a literal, yet dignified and idiomatic and characteristic prose translation, and at the bottom short notes—but wonderful, unheard of notes, that is, purely explanatory, without pedantry, twaddle, or humbug. Then I verily believe thousands would, after spending a few evenings over a Grammar, be able to get, not indeed quite close to the spirit of Dante, but nearer than any verse translation could bring them.

These remarks of course do not apply to the short poems which occur in the 'Vita Nuova,' which it would be absurd to translate into prose. Mr. Norton's verse renderings are adequate and pleasing, though having been written forty years ago they have been supplanted before publication by Mr. Rossetti's masterpiece. The prose pages reproduce the charming oddity and simplicity of the original. As to the meaning of 'Vita Nuova,' Mr. Norton refrains from dogmatising. He rather shrinks from the bald sense of Early Life, but on the other hand he is silent on the preposterous high-pressure, Robert-Elsmerian interpretation as the Higher Life. He inclines to "Life made new by love," which is orthodox, though really it narrows rather than expands Dante's simple, natural title, which ten to one he chose at random, meaning simply what it says—New Life, the Life of Youth, the Freshness of Life, or what you will. Mr. Norton's 'Essays' and 'Notes' contain much valuable matter, especially the latter. His enthusiasm is comparatively discreet, and many degrees below the too common boiling point. "The narrative of the 'New Life,'" he says, "is quaint, embroidered with conceits, deficient in artistic completeness, but it has the simplicity of youth, the charm of sincerity, the freedom of personal confidence." May be! "The 'New Life' is the proper introduction to the 'Divine Comedy.'" True! but when Mr. Norton goes on: "it is the story of the beginning of that love through which, even in Dante's youth, heavenly things were revealed to him, and which in the bitterest trials," etc., etc., I break away. Where is the use of quarrelling with Mr. Norton over all the different Beatrices and "pietose donne" which Dante has jumbled up in his various works? Alas! I do not believe even in his spiritual adultery, any more than in his philosophy. A noble poet, a great genius—yes! but a mysterious inscrutable character—not a bit of it! Don't write about him, but read him, and he is as transparent as poor, dear Madame Blavatsky, and as amusing. Knowing as little as I respectably can about that terrible Beatrice, and the Fourfold Interpretations, and the *pietosa donna*, and the Mystical Contradictions, and the Higher Everythings, but knowing also in my humble little way something of the human heart, its gigantic self-idolatry, its childish vanity, its wayward freaks, its pure and generous absurdities, its splendid power of self-delusion as a step to deluding others, its congenital craving for the marvellous, its slavery to the conventional ideals of the age, its reasoning unreason—"born to folly as the sparks fly upward," says the Sage—poor fleeting little fires at best as they spring aloft, but quenched in a moment did they seek the ground!—here I pause and tremble, reminded that there are those who in Dante's name would fain rekindle the fires of Smithfield. What would it profit to light another candle? Y.Y.

PLATO AND PLATONISM.*

This work is a collection of lectures "written for delivery to some young students of philosophy, and now printed with the hope of interesting a larger number of them." It is not a handbook of information. It is not intended as a treasure-house of facts, suitable for reference; still less is it adapted to assist any one who wishes to "cram." It does not even guard itself against this possible misconception by a single word. But in his "hope of interesting" students the author is on safe ground. In this effort he certainly and pleasantly succeeds.

Yet although these lectures presuppose a moderate amount of acquaintance with their subject, such as "young students" must needs have acquired, without perhaps any very keen enjoyment in the acquisition, there is information of a very useful and vital kind to be found all the way through. The personalities of the different platonic and pre-platonic philosophers are made to reveal themselves as if by accident. We seem to hear the voice of a personal acquaintance giving impressions that he has an authoritative right to convey. Platonism is shown as though it were a thing of yesterday—a sort of Oxford Movement—whose chief character, Plato himself, stands forth as the Newman, and as something even more than the Newman of the group of men in whom the Movement lived. The gradual building up of his system, with its origin in his own restless desire for rest, his own questioning search for certainty, is described from the standpoint of a sympathetic biographer.

* 'Plato and Platonism.' By Walter Pater. (Macmillan and Co.)

Much, but not too much, is made of the effect of the time, the place, and the teachers that were the surrounding framework of his mental life. The claim made for Plato from the first, at once a modest and an important claim, is that he brought to philosophy a "literary freshness." By this faculty he erected a lasting monument in the mental territory of the race.

This also is just what Mr. Pater brings to his account of that great achievement. Yet he never allows its temptations to master him. He allures us by the vividness of his fancy, yet does not repel or chill by any tendency to become fanciful. What he says is firmly rooted in what he has read, and with almost every utterance is an allusion, or at least a hint, of chapter and verse, skilfully woven into the tissue of the narrative, without marring by any unseemly knots our pleasure in passing the rich tapestry through our hands.

From a severely literary point of view the style is loose and wandering. Sentences nearly half a page in length are not uncommon. Verbs are divided from nominatives by *sotto-voce* cross currents of unmarked parentheses, that our attention must continually hold itself ready to ford without allowing itself to be drowned by the way. Here and there is a fine passage of gently sonorous and almost entrancing prose. Yet unless the reader conceives the book as uttered aloud by a voice that modulates itself intelligently, and groups by its tone the phrases that are but carelessly arranged under the indications of punctuation and grammar, he misses half the effect and most of the true value. Nevertheless, the book is full of a stimulating charm, and neither the student nor the general reader who begins the first page will lay it down without reading to the last, and regretting that he finds himself at the end so soon. E. J. ELLIS.

ADZUMA.*

The author of 'The Light of Asia' has lately gone further afield, and is now more oriental than the Orient. He has got as far as Japan, and before long he may cross the Pacific on the wings of song, freighted with Polynesian tragedies, and pausing to vanquish Bret Harte and Walt Whitman on their own ground, return once more to Europe by the back way. There is everything to be said for his spirit of literary adventure. Japanese society forms a novel and interesting setting for the old, old stories, which after all are the only ones suitable for tragedy. And Sir Edwin does the setting and polishing in his well-known skilful, practised style. It is no doubt our own fault if we cannot enjoy 'Adzuma'—but somehow we cannot. We do relish close translations of native Japanese stories, poems and plays, because though in thought and scope they are infinitely inferior to our own literature, they have the homogeneous flavour of a national art. But 'Adzuma' is an English play in Japanese dresses. The leading characters are admirable "high-toned" persons suspiciously like ourselves, and whenever they do or say something ultra-Japanese they seem to be "putting it on." Well, no doubt Shakespeare and Tennyson worked on the same plan, but though 'Adzuma' is distinctly Shakespearian in manner, and though, to tell the truth, it maintains a higher level than Shakespeare ever chose to keep up, it never rises to the altitude of Shakespeare's spasmodic excellence, which makes just the difference. Some of the Samurai dialogue reminds us a good deal of 'Romeo and Juliet,' but the heroine is a compound of Imogen, Desdemona, and Hermione—in short, the typical suspected chaste wife. The grand tragic feature, a distinct and lofty moral purpose, is strongly worked out, though the climax of self-devotion, in which Adzuma contrives that her Posthumus shall mistake her head for her husband's on the pillow, and cutting it off, escape with the prize, is more Japanese than satisfactory. Yet it is after all not unnatural. The typical "Chaste Spouse" prefers death to dishonour, but what she prefers above all is to have the last word, and to pulverise the survivors with her triumphant infallibility. Adzuma dies happy, having left behind her one of those sweet, forgiving letters best calculated to harrow up a husband's feelings. The play is partly in prose, partly in blank verse. The latter is by far the better. Much of it is finely written, and several phrases are peculiarly happy. But Sir Edwin's Adzuma is no more Japanese than his Potiphar's Wife was Egyptian; she is only the British Matron in fancy dress, and on the whole satin trousers do not suit her half so well as her honest crinoline.

Y. Y.

* 'Adzuma; or, The Japanese Wife.' A Play in four acts. By Sir Edwin Arnold. (Longmans, Green and Co.) Price 6s. 6d.

NATIONAL LIFE AND CHARACTER.*

Every page of this book claims respect. It is written by a man of remarkably wide information and experience. The sum of all his experience and his information is this: "It is now more than probable that our science, our civilisation, our great and real advance in the practice of government are only bringing us nearer to the day when the lower races will predominate in the world, when the higher races will lose their noblest elements, when we shall ask nothing from the day but to live, nor from the future but that we may not deteriorate." But his pessimism is of a modified kind. The slope down hill will be gradual, he thinks, and on the whole pleasant, freer from violence, and struggle and discomfort than the path up. There is a great deal of cheerfulness in the book, and those who look to Mr. Pearson to lead their plaints over the good old days and the evil of modern tendencies, will be grievously disappointed. He thinks that on the whole we are doing well, our tendencies are admirable, but our race is nearly run all the same. Only it would be no cure for us to do ill or even otherwise. A worse fate would befall us.

His main contentions are as follows: The most fertile and populous parts of the earth are the inalienable freehold of the inferior races, because the white man cannot exist there under conditions favourable to his progress and supremacy. The tropical countries will be peopled, therefore, by Chinese, Hindoos, and negroes. But the Chinese have even greater prospects. The limits of emigration will render the struggle for existence keener at home, and this will lead to a highly developed State Socialism, and an increase of jealousy among nations which will necessitate still larger armies, and probably military service from every male adult. Such a condition of things will tend to more mechanical intellectual habits, to loss of energy and self-reliance. It is only possible to touch on these contentions here. Mr. Pearson's facts about the Chinese are very striking, and he has looked at the question at close quarters. But even if we grant his assertion that within fifty years China will be one of the great powers of the world, by his own showing of their present condition it will be by a struggle so enormous, in which brute force cannot be the only weapon, by a development of faculties so prodigious, that the worst terror of their aggrandisement, universal demoralisation, will have disappeared. And by every law, such abnormal progress would be marked by a rapid fall in the increase of their population. In spite of the statistics given, we cannot help feeling that John Chinaman is "bogey." As to the limits of emigration, till western nations have seriously tried, not in little haphazard bands, but with all the resources at their command, what can be done in colonizing tropical countries, Mr. Pearson's assumption is premature. It may be very undesirable that they should succeed, but the enterprise and greed of superior nations are limitless and marvel-working. And supposing we are landed before long in State Socialism, which seems probable, still, the State Socialism of an old and complicated civilization cannot be of the complexion here described, which is rather that of a young community. Memories, traditions, instincts will all fight for individuality, and they are hard to kill. Is it not possible that individuality will go on revolting till the State school, the State employment, be infinitely varied and pliable, till that machine, the State, be adapted to the manifold and constantly changing needs of the community? The original person, always rare, will possibly survive military service, perhaps abolish it, and upset *ancien regimes* not a few.

The decay of mechanical invention has set in, says Mr. Pearson. But the only proof is a slight lull after a period of preternatural activity. Speculation is dying out. Yes, if that mean metaphysics. It has turned into science. The

* 'National Life and Character; A Forecast.' By Charles H. Pearson. (Macmillan.)

intellect has its humours and fashions—now it is the stage, now the miscroscope. But science, he fears, has done its best, and has taken to minute specialisation. No second Darwin looms on the horizon. But do we need another yet? His influence and inspiration are not quite exhausted. Literature, at least in its grand style, is doomed, because all the subjects for epics and dramas have been taken. This is a less original wail. John Stuart Mill suffered keen depression from thinking of "the exhaustibility of musical combinations." Of course we cannot satisfactorily explain why we do not write epics, but we know that we expect our descendants to make us into epics. Some events of contemporary history, when all that is petty and accidental in them shall be lost in the distance of time, might well furnish romance and struggle and passion and development enough for epics and dramas. And then the great uprising, the great spreading of the Celestial Empire that we are to expect, will surely set the West in a whirl, and fire its patriot poets.

But if our western pride will not accept Mr. Pearson's conclusions yet awhile, not one of his statements is idle. Everyone of his forebodings marks at least a possible danger. Many of his assertions tell two ways. He knows this, and states the two sides of the questions with absolute fairness. He has not written this book to convince the world of certain dogmas, but to set minds a-working on great questions of national conduct and ideals. Even a practical people like ourselves, who take short views of life, will probably not be indifferent to so fascinating an appeal to extend the limits of our social and national speculation. G-Y.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.*

A stupendous work such as the Eiffel Tower or Dr. Schaff's 'History of the Church' excites public interest apart from its intrinsic worth. Each stage of the achievement is hailed with acclamation as a tribute to the enterprise, courage, and capacity of the race. And many besides those who mean to read Dr. Schaff's volumes will be glad to learn that the venerable author has so far recovered his health that there is some prospect of his being able to bring his arduous undertaking to a successful conclusion. Meanwhile we have a valuable instalment almost entirely from his own hand. Probably none of the previous volumes will be found to possess so much attraction for the general reader as these which are now issued. Zwingli, Farel, Calvin, and Beza are characters of whom the public can never hear too much, and in the present volumes they stand out with a vividness and individuality which reflect the greatest credit on the artistic faculty of the author. The lively and unflagging interest which he has himself found in his theme is imparted to his narrative, and from no volumes can a reader so pleasantly derive an accurate knowledge of the character, opinions, and actions of the prime movers in the Swiss Reformation. The narrative is also so clearly divided, the doctrinal systems of Calvin and the rest are so lucidly stated, and the volumes so amply furnished with bibliographical lists, that it would be difficult to imagine a better text-book for the student. Whoever reads these volumes will eagerly echo the wish of Godet of Neuchâtel which Dr. Schaff quotes in his preface: "Qu'il nous soit donné à nous deux avant de quitter cette vie de pouvoir terminer nos travaux commencés,—toi, ton Histoire,—moi, mon Introduction au Nouveau Testament."

MARCUS DODS.

MEDIÆVAL LORE.†

This book of extracts illustrates one of the best methods of making us realise the life and thought of a long past epoch. It does not present a picture of the time; that is the function of history and fiction; but it gives us a glass to look at the time at a proper focus. The *De Proprietatibus Rerum* of Bartholomew Anglicus, written in the first half of the thirteenth century, to explain the allusions in the Scriptures or in the "Gloss," took the place of "Popular Educators" and Penny Encyclopædias. It was the reference book of all who could read. It did not represent the high-water mark of learning or investigation, but it was the treasure-house of popular knowledge, rumour, and speculation. Science proceeded on many lines, but Bartholomew was not superseded for many a day, and familiarity with his writings and dependence on them have been traced in Du Bartas, Spenser, Shakespeare, and even later writers. Yet though Shakespeare was certainly one of the Franciscan's readers, and perhaps, according to Douce, borrowed the name of Sycorax from him, yet the editor might have qualified his statement on this point by pointing out the many other sources of popular natural history knowledge and "old wives' tales" open to the Elizabethan poets. The extracts given are delightful, but too scrappy. Mr. Steele might have had a little more reliance on the patience of even ordinary readers, who will find a quaint charm in the way legend, folk-lore, and actual knowledge are mixed up in Bartholomew's descriptions of precious stones, plants, birds, and foreign countries. 'Of a Child' is one of the prettiest bits of observation imaginable; the fight between the dragon and the elephant is magnificent, and the picture of Ethiopia is full of the tales that Desdemona "seriously inclined to hear." The following extract tells, in the language of a grateful student, of the long reputation of Paris for its hospitable welcome to strangers: "For as mother of wisdom she receiveth all that cometh out of every country of the world, and helpeth them in all that they need, and ruleth all peaceably, and as a servant of soothness, she sheweth herself detty [generous] to wise men and unwise. This city is full good and mighty of riches, it rejoiceth in peace; there is good air of rivers according to philosophers, there be fair fields, meads, and mountains to refresh and comfort the eyes of them that be weary in study, there be convenable streets and houses, namely for studious."

THE DIARY OF A "PERSON OF QUALITY." NEW STYLE.*

Great diarists have too often the affectation to pretend that they set down their reflections for themselves alone. Not so Mr. P. He wrote his diary, 659 pp., deliberately for the benefit of the race. It was "dictated solely by motives of religious duty." He was once asked to send it to the editor of a journal where it would have been cut up and given in instalments. But as "a person of quality" he refused. "Persons of quality would much rather not write at all than have their lucubrations mauled about by editors, however charming, discriminating, and experienced." The diary is not made up of frivolous gossip like that of another P. It is mainly devoted to the consideration of insanity, and to other psychological and biological questions. Politics and diet, however, receive ample attention. Mr. P. believes in the ultimate salvation of the world by Women Suffrage, brown bread, and the abolition of the classics. He is a democrat with a difference—the masses he hopes will always be grateful for the spiritual and intellectual leadership of "ladies of quality and gentlemen of distinction." His fertile mind has discovered a new sensational game for "the quality." He proposes that "ladies and gentlemen of all ages"—but "not necessarily of all ranks"—should meet and "mutually confess to one another . . . their various derelictions from the path of duty." A very pretty game! Society he finds dull as a rule. People are bad listeners, but sometimes he gets his innings—that is, he button-holes a stray loiterer and "stimulates into activity certain residua, aptitudes, or dispositions" in the unwary loiterer, reviving them "by external provocation." But he can unbend. Under the date December 14th, he charmingly remarks that he has "lost a natural tooth." And he takes us into the bosom of his family, calls himself "quaint old P.," and introduces us to his friends, who are, of course, all "veritably superior" persons, "with brilliant intellectual qualities." Let him not delay too long his second series. If not against the code of a person of quality, could we not have the diary in quarterly volumes? And to our readers we can only say, extracts do this work injustice. It is a human document that rewards investigation. G-Y.

* 'History of the Christian Church.' By Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. The Swiss Reformation. In two volumes. (T. and T. Clark.)

† 'Mediæval Lore.' Classified Gleanings from the Encyclopædia of Bartholomew Anglicus. Edited by Robert Steele. Preface by Wm. Morris. (Elliot Stock.)

* 'Mr. P.'s Diary. Facts, Ideas, Suggestions, Reflections, and Confessions.' By J. Hoskins, M.A., F.R.S.L. (Digby and Long). 21s.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE. By C. A. Fyffe. In three volumes. (Cassell and Co.) Price .

A popular edition of Mr. Fyffe's useful history will be welcomed by students and general readers alike. For the period (1792-1878) no better single work can be recommended. Its peculiar merit is the conscientious care taken by the author to conceal his strong political bias. This very cheap edition is boldly printed, and has only two defects. The boards seem too thin for such thick octavos, and we fear the pages will soon get loose. The publishers are about the best judges of what the public likes, but for ourselves we should have thought that the illustrations—and such illustrations—were a mistake. Most are in the flimsy, romantic, stagey style we remember in the school-histories of our infancy. Some are really very bad indeed. However, they can easily be cut out.

COMMENTARIES ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. From the Earliest Times to 1865. By Montague Burrows. (Blackwood.)

Many other teachers besides the Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford have probably felt the want of some such book as this. Historical research is extending every day, with the result not only of adding to the store of facts, but likewise of altering the proportion which one set of facts bears to another. The researches of the new historical school will probably, Professor Burrows hopes, end before long in the production of a great and complete history embodying the results of all recent investigations in a philosophic spirit. In the meanwhile students "get up" stores of facts, wade through text-books and detailed accounts of epochs and great men, and only to a few is any general whole or sequence of events presented at all. Here Professor Burrows steps in. He supposes the ordinary facts to be obtained elsewhere, though he points to less obvious authorities. For these facts he has prepared a commentary and an interpretation. He shows how periods and policies hang together, how they are differentiated. The book is not beyond the capacity of the upper forms of public schools, but more advanced students will be grateful for its aid towards making history a more coherent and intelligible thing. The opinions expressed are, of course, open to criticism occasionally. The commentary does not always show great breadth of view. Its tone is at times somewhat too apologetic, and, *vide* the last paragraph, too optimistic. But Professor Burrows has fulfilled his aim. He believes in the philosophy of history; he thinks it can be taught even to those who are not specialists, and his book goes far to prove his theory.

SCOTTISH SONG. A Selection of the Choicest Lyrics of Scotland. Compiled by Mary Carlyle Aitken. Golden Treasury. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The publishers have reissued Mrs. Carlyle's selection without revision, which is a pity. The selection was always a delightful and an unsatisfactory one. It was a revelation to many southern readers of the riches of Scottish song, but the versions given were not always accurate, and the notes were scanty, and not always to the point. The book was worth revising. It is hard to see why the editress omitted one of the loveliest verses of "O' a' the airts." Perhaps she believed in the John Hamilton theory of its authorship. We wish she had given John Hamilton's version of "Up i' the mornin'," instead of Burns'. And a collection that does not include "The birks o' Aberfeldy" and "Annie Laurie" and "My love she's but a lassie yet," is sadly at fault. But it is a rare and beautiful collection for all that.

SCOTS MINSTRELSIE. A National Monument of Scottish Song. Edited and Arranged by J. Greig, Mus.D. In 6 vols. Illustrated by J. M. Brown. Vol. I., 6s. 6d. (Jack, Edinburgh.)

In this first volume are eighty-two songs. The music is given in two notations; the pitch is not unduly high, and the setting is in nearly every case excellent. The only serious criticism we have to make has reference to the coloured illustrations, which, judging from No. 1, had better be omitted, even though they were "painted from living models and reproduced in the finest style of lithography under the artist's own supervision." The editor has added some admirable notes, full of literary and antiquarian research. That on "The Flowers o' the Forest,"—the "I've seen the smiling" version—pointing to the not too romantic incident that probably suggested the song, will be new to most readers. The text of the songs has been selected with care, and the result is generally satisfactory. This promises to be a better collection of Scottish songs than any in existence.

STUDIES IN CORSICA. Sylvan and Social. By J. W. Barry (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Barry's first object in going to Corsica was to study the trees of the island. But he looked at other things too, and, considering his temperament, which he reveals to his readers now and again by the way, he observed a good deal. He is a conscientious and rather stiff gentleman, with strong opinions about his own dignity, and cherishing a half-veiled contempt for modern tendencies. "A gentleman would rarely demean himself in England by going for a walk in the streets at night"; but he succumbed to that and other Bohemian habits in Ajaccio. Ajaccio is evidently a paradise for bachelors with £150 a year. Ladies had much better not go there at all, unless they have foresworn the world and its vanities. The general reader and possible tourist will not be disappointed in the book, but, of course, its chief interest is for botanists.

THE CRUSADERS. An original Comedy of Modern London Life. By H. A. Jones. With a Preface by Wm. Archer. (Macmillan.)

This is a moderately amusing comedy. It would be more correct to style it a farce with a serious purpose. But the serious purpose does not add much ballast, and unfortunately the play is burdened by a preface much too big for it. The general remarks of Mr. Archer may be read with interest, if they are not held to have reference to Mr. Jones's little play, which is surely innocent of the large motives attributed to it. In defence of 'The Crusaders,' which is good of its kind, but not ambitious, we must say it is hardly fair for its eulogist to place it side by side with Pailleron's 'Le monde où l'on s'ennuie,' which from a stage point of view is excellent, and which is also literature.

NOVEL NOTES, &c.

OTTILIE. An Eighteenth Century Idyll. By Vernon Lee. Second edition. Pseudonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

'Ottilie' is a clever study in selfishness. The selfishness is not Ottilie's but that of her spoilt brother, who goes through not a little experience of life, lives to old age, but never grows up. A certain piquancy results from the egoist himself telling the story. Ottilie is a veiled figure in spite of descriptions of her cleverness and distinction. There is a literary flavour about the little tale, consciously literary, and the marks of effort are visible. And the reader who might well extract a good deal of pleasure if he took for granted that it had no special aim, is disturbed and puzzled, first by the second title, "An Eighteenth Century Idyll," and then by the short but ponderous preface. There Vernon Lee confides to us the woes of the essayist, who may not, for the critics, light up with his imagination the things and personages he essays to speak about. He must, to gain this freedom, wander into another province, and write fiction. And so 'Ottilie' is a fictional essay on eighteenth century life in a little German town. But, alas! for the imaginative essayist and her preface, except for the casual introduction of a few indefinite persons labelled "Sturm und Drang," it might as well be a study of that or any other century, and the scene might have been laid in any latitude of Europe. Writers do ill to confide their insufficiently fulfilled purposes.

IN OLE VIRGINIA. By T. Nelson Page. New edition. With Preface by T. P. O'Connor, M.P. (Ward, Lock.)

These stories have already made a name for themselves. They enshrine whatever was best in the old slavery days. Picturing the patriarchal life in the Southern States, where the virtues of kindliness, devotedness, and gratitude had a not unfriendly soil to grow in, they are nevertheless not too one-sided. They contain grim suggestions of the facts that were painted broadly in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Mr. Page's

Southern patriotism is reasonable, and his power of winning sympathy for his point of view undoubted. It will not be possible for every reader to re-echo Mr. T. P. O'Connor's enthusiasm; yet "Marse Chan" is a genuinely pathetic story, and is enough to inspire the most fanatical Abolitionist with a belief in the gallantry and chivalry of the South. The preface is largely taken up with describing the effect which Mr. Page's stories had on Ward Beecher. And, by the way, surely Beecher's place in the anti-slavery movement is too well-known for it to be necessary to apply the adjective "great" to him three times in ten lines. The Americans are "the most intensely emotional race in the world," we are told. That is too large a question to discuss in "Novel Notes," but the proof which is offered to us is but an instance of blubbering.

A BORN PLAYER. By Mary West. (Macmillan.)

Miss West is a writer of real ability, and she has the wit to write of scenes and of temperaments she has looked at closely. The motive of her latest story is excellent. Matthew Hare is a bright, imaginative lad who has fallen in love with old plays, and burns to be an actor. But he lives in a circle where the stage is looked on as the chief and most perilous temptation of the Evil One. He escapes by stealth to see Kean act, and has the ineffable bliss of shaking the weak, shaky, drunken hand of the great tragedian. But on the lad's impressionable nature religion has taken no less strong a hold, and the stage and the pulpit have alternately hard won triumphs. The best scene in the book is where he burns his play-books in the garden, the gentle and sympathetic Grace officiating as helper at the tragic ceremony. It was a bright day with the wind in the south, "a day for young hearts to rejoice in their youth and the youth of the summer, and not to be preparing sacrifices," and the good-natured, worldly parish clergyman was an expostulating witness, wondering deeply at the strangeness of the Nonconformist conscience. Matt's career in preparation for the pastorate is skilfully told. The fine-sounding rhetoric, the emotional language, the bunkum, which such a lad would revel in, are cleverly reflected. In the end, of course, the fascination of the stage is too strong to be resisted, but Miss West feels it incumbent on her to make him die in the promise of his career, and we accept the fact as perhaps inevitable. There was always something hectic in the lad's temperament. The Nonconformist character has in Miss West no unqualified eulogist, but a sympathetic painter of its strength and weakness. And the Rev. Wm. Unwin, who weaves so much human kindliness into his Calvinism, is not a whit less charming than the fiery-souled Matt.

THE STORY OF PHILIP METHUEN. By Mrs. Needell. (F. Warne.)

Philip Methuen was educated at Saint Sulpice, but his dream of the priesthood was frustrated by his uncle, Sir Giles, who adopted him and refused to have a sacerdotal son-in-law, and by the Saint Sulpice authorities, more in need of lay Catholics in high places than of devoted priests. Philip is a prig, but he deserved a happier story. The evil genius of his life is Anna Trevelyan, whose attachment to him is first inconvenient and afterwards worse. She plots to put him and herself in a false position that he may not escape her. He does not escape, though some readers will think he might honourably have done so. Womenkind treat him very badly all the way through. His mother cheats him in money matters. Anna wrecks his hopes, and the virtuous Honour, whom he loves, gives him the small-pox, of which he dies. It is altogether a very tragic story. There is some power in it, but the reality of life is wanting. Neither the Catholic saint and hero, nor the freethinker Lewis Trevelyan, nor the wicked Anna, nor any of the others, seems quite awake.

THE CHILDREN OF THE KING. By F. M. Crawford. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Crawford has come back to his better mood. The every-day modern type of men and women is unsympathetic to him, and when he attempts to represent it his stories are dull and laboured. This time he has again found a subject that suits his genius, where his romantic sympathies can have free play. It is a striking story, though with very little plot or incident in it. It might have been told, and better told, in twenty pages, but Mr. Crawford needs two volumes to expand in. And generally the padding is very good. There is a rhapsody on the consoling powers of Nature which makes us feel that if he had had but the gift of compression and suppression Mr. Crawford might have been a poet. The object of the story seems to be to show two ways of making love—the real and the unreal. The first is exemplified in San Miniato, the calculating, self-interested patrician, who takes infinite pains in the matter, and yet for all his knowledge of the world is always doing the wrong thing in the eyes of the little schoolgirl heiress he wishes to captivate. The other way is Ruggiero's. He is only a rough sailor, but he dares to love the heiress too, knowing all the time how hopeless is his case. His way is just to love. He has no need to take pains at all; he happens to have the fatal gift of passion, and Beatrice knows the real thing when she sees it. Ruggiero knows the false, and sooner than let San Miniato wreck the life of Beatrice by his calculating selfishness and his faithlessness, he lands his patrician rival at the bottom of the sea. He accompanies him, and neither ever comes up again. There is a great deal of the sea in the story, and somehow, with its storms and calms always near, one ends in believing in the silent, capable, passionate Ruggiero, though he is, save in one burlesque scene, deified almost out of human recognition. The lighter pictures in the story are gaily painted, and the indolent Marchesa is one of Mr. Crawford's successes in portraiture.

A CANAANITISH WOMAN. By T. Duncan. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

The writer is presumably a Scotchman out of love with his country and all things pertaining thereto. The chief object of his dislike is Calvinism, with the Free Kirk as its exponent. But when he turns from abuse of that institution and the characters it breeds, it is only to have another fling at anything and everything Scotch that meets his eye. The Rev. Paul Halliday, his representative of Calvinism, is a narrow-minded, fanatical, little-souled creature, and a bore. The Drummonds', the MacAlpines', the Saunders' we are introduced to in a chapter that might be humorous were it less acrimonious, have the same unpleasant qualities, and they are malicious gossips besides. The "Calvinistic imagination," says Mr. Duncan, "slow in everything else, is astonishingly quick in arriving at any conclusion when they are of the nature of the worst possible." Drumwhinnie, in which lay Halliday's spiritual charge, contained "nothing but torpor, stagnation, stodginess, hypocrisy, and gloom." We begin to suspect that Mr. Duncan has bitter personal experiences of some northern village, where he incurred the grave displeasure of the worthy folk by playing the fiddle on Sunday. He has no particular affection, however, for the rest of creation outside Scotland. Mildred, who would be the heroine if there were one, is a poor thing, with shallow religious emotions, a keen sense of her claims on the joy of life, narrow sympathies, at once cowardly and socially reckless. Davenant, Halliday's rival, is a blasé cynic, a dull cynic too, and very bad mannered. Even at the most sensational part of their story, Mildred and Davenant are never interesting. Yet out of these, and some equally agreeable personages, Mr. Duncan has dared to make a story. One pathetic page he has permitted himself, in describing the death of Halliday, who had a thin vein of affection in him that Calvinism had not turned to gall, and who loved, as much as it was in him to love, the Canaanitish woman to the end. For all his bitterness it does not strike us that the writer knows human nature, northern or southern, very well. He is like a naughty little boy who draws disrespectful pictures on the schoolmaster's gate. It is very relieving to the feelings of the little boy, but such portraits are not as a rule life-like. Nevertheless, Mr. Duncan has unmistakable and even marked ability.

LOU. By Baron Von Roberts. Translated from the German by Jessie Haynes. Heinemann's International Library. (Heinemann.)

The first story of Von Roberts that has appeared in English should win for its writer consideration and interest in this country. It is a pathetic story, stirring our emotions only less powerfully than does the tale of the little African ex-king in 'Jack.' Lou is a Nubian, brought to Paris by a

kindly but unfortunate master, who dies a victim to an unhappy passion. Thrown on the world, he has but one friend, Zeppa, a dog of strong character and large appetite, and the adventures of the two in their vagabond career, or as chief attractions of a menagerie, make the best part of the book. The Parisian scenes are mostly weak and conventional. Even Mira, once a little Paris *gamine*, now the *diva* of the Renaissance, has little individuality. But there is one Parisian scene of powerful horror, when the auction in the *diva's* apartment, begun half in play, turns into a slave-market, and Lou is knocked down to the brutal Cabrera. The Nubian's savage inarticulateness, his savage devotion, his savage fury, his restraint, are magnificent, and his dark figure looms, a terrible reproach to the hideousness of civilization grown rotten. Mercifully he soon joins his dead master and Zeppa under the sod. The book is not a great work of art, but it has charm.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. By Clarles Reade. 4 vols. 14s. (Chatto and Windus.)

This is a charming edition, well bound (though that is the least best thing about it), well printed, and the four frontispieces which take the place of the illustrations by Charles Keene with which we are familiar, are beautifully reproduced. They are, "The Slaughter of the Seven Thousand Virgins," and portraits of Philippe, Duc de Bourgogne, Marie de Bourgogne, Archduchess of Austria, and of Erasmus. 'The Cloister and the Hearth' is a great and fascinating story, if not, as Mr. Besant says in his preface, "the greatest historical novel in the language." Let us be grateful to Mr. Besant for his manner of discharging his duty. The introduction might have been given into the hands of some industrious pedant who would have told us where Charles Reade was wrong in his history.

THE DREAM. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

It is perhaps unfortunate that this story of M. Zola, to which in the most prudish circles no exception could be taken, should appear in English in so crude a version. The translator is plainly incompetent. "He had just retaken her hands in the centre of this great room, in the luxury of which she was quite at her ease, as it seemed to be her natural surrounding, where her grace would be fully developed," is not an unfair sample. Mistakes like "certitudes" for "certainties" are numerous. But the best version would hardly be satisfactory. The feeling in the story is unreal; its very simplicity is theatrical, though Angélique before Monseigneur, and Angélique under the archway of the portal of St. Agnes, are pretty scenes enough. But to write an idyll of modern days even when the scene is laid in such an old-world centre as Beaumont l'Eglise, one must not cast aside all one's knowledge of human life and human nature.

THE DEVIL'S DIAMOND. By R. Marsh. 3s. 6d. (Henry.)

In this story I suspect an allegory. If there is none I can't see the purpose of it at all. The allegory is baffling; I give it up. But whoever cares to read a really lively tale of how a money-grabbing, unpleasant old lawyer was tormented by a diamond possessed by a love for sensation and a homicidal mania, let him first read this story and then write a key to it.

DOLLARS ARE TRUMPS. By A. Kevill Davies. 3s. 6d. (Griffith and Farran.)

This is a novel to spend half-an-hour over with moderate interest. As a detective story and a story of American society at the same time, it rather falls between two stools. The plot is hardly labyrinthine enough to please the fastidious amateur of detective literature. Yet the detective interest is too strong to allow of much representation of New York society. The heroine is a sympathetic little person, and Van Gold, who rose from the humble office of carrying a laundry basket to be a millionaire several times over, has some of the fascination always attaching to those who are experts in legerdemain. The criminal is a somewhat conventional figure, but it is a grim scene when he pronounces the eloquent funeral sermon over one of his victims. The story will serve to wile a dull half-hour away, and it has no more serious purpose.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

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4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

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Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

AINSLEY.—No. 2 is pretty good, No. 3 commonplace. You might have it set to music. No. 1, 'The Rivulet,' is vitiated by the fact that the story from which you draw a moral meaning is a physically impossible one—at least, so improbable as to be useless for allegorical purposes.

APEX.—These are good, and being short, you should be able to dispose of them.

ARC.—Not a bad story, but there are some big improbabilities in it. A country or sea-side newspaper might take it. And why should you write in such a slangy style? It doesn't make the story more amusing. If you sent one written in good English I could judge better whether you have literary abilities.

"BLACK MAGUIRE."—Fairly well told, and the story is probably a true one. This attempt is by no means unpromising, and an Irish (or perhaps English) newspaper or minor magazine might possibly accept the story.

BROAD ARROW.—The only object of telling such a story would be to do so dramatically. It is very dull in your version. Don't quote a line of good poetry and then turn it, or its converse, into prose. It is sacrilege. There is something not quite right about the dates on p. 1. "Everywhere" is used wrongly. Don't "proceed" up a drive, especially if you are a burglar. You'd be caught in your stately progress.

BULRUSH.—I won't say they are very promising. But the feeling they express is evidently genuine. The first thing for you to do is obviously to train your ear to know good and bad verse when you hear or read it. I fear you have not an easy task before you, since you could write the verse, "With his soft," etc.

ECIVON.—Fair, except for the last four lines, which are doggrel. Possibly the unhatched ones may never "fly," as you hope. But they might walk sturdily enough on the ground.

ELF.—Very pretty indeed! A girl's magazine might be very glad to have both. Your temptation is to be unduly sentimental. I am not sure that the violin-string incident, or rather the reflection on it, is not a defect. In the other story, the discussion on p. 7 might be omitted. Hans Andersen is a good master in this kind of story-telling.

ELISE.—"Once you did," etc., is much the best, and the only one of any worth. It is good, and might be set to music. The others are much inferior, and "I sit at the brook" you should blot out of your memory.

EMANCIPATED SCHOOLBOY.—Very creditable to your feelings and character.

F. M.—It's all very pretty, and shows an enjoyment of natural things and an acquaintance with the poets that are delightful to meet with. But it is neither botany, nor poetry, nor good prose, though technically it is correct enough. There is little good criticising the details. It is trite. The habits, the distribution, the legends of one flower might furnish you with matter for an interesting paper, but this is not good enough to send to a magazine.

FRANCAIS.—You had better stick to the journal which has already printed one of your reviews. I do not think the review you send reaches the average standard of criticism in literary journals. There is a good deal of confusion of thought in it.

KAY.—The matter of your verses is better than the expression. This is especially true of No. 1, which is rather tedious, and faulty in versification, *e.g.*, "Must fall, in giddy Vertigo's clutches caught." The first line is very clumsy. The other verses I can praise much more freely, though No. 3 is a little stiff in its joints, which should be very supple. You might, at least, make an improvement in stanza 1. No. 2 is the best, and really good. "The more subtle points in versification" you could learn from no text-book. I consider reading good poetry aloud the best training for the ear.

LAON.—The feeling in your verses is poetical. But the verses are not made. "Daisies" is very pretty, but very much too long. You can't hang so much on a daisy stalk. I'd omit the first, the last, and some of the other verses. It would be all the better for stern weeding. The dream is much less original—and the ending, "or a psalm," gives a comic touch to it.

LETHE.—The verses are not good.

L. V. B.—I should suggest a course of reading instead.

M.—Very respectable verse, but it does not approach poetry. I imagine you would have something to say in prose. Your stiffness of expression arises partly, no doubt, from your using an uncongenial medium.

MADA.—Good. It seems worth your while to go on. Write sparingly.

MAY BRUCE.—Poor and unnecessary. The secondary title has no meaning. The verses are ungrammatical and the metre faulty—*e.g.*, line 1, stanza 2; line 3, stanza 11, etc., etc. Arthur Hallam did not leave England for the sake of adventure like a descendant of "pirates of the main." I cannot see promise in these verses.

MERLIN.—A serious and by no means unpromising attempt at criticism. It shows thoughtfulness, and is well expressed, if just a little pompous. With your final judgment of the poet in question I have nothing to do, but some of your statements in support of your conclusion want revision. In the sentence in which you speak of "the material which created Milton," etc., you beg the question. The resemblance between your poet and Keats is surely most fanciful; and where does he echo Elizabethan verse? The expression, "some of his predecessors," along with the context, is vague and weak.

MICAH DEAN.—Good for a beginning. A little thin. Try what you can do with a more substantial theme.

M.U.—I know of no such society.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—So far as the composition is concerned, fair. The thought is muddly. Perhaps it was a useful exercise, but it is not up to the level of even a minor magazine article. You evidently chose a subject with which you had very imperfect sympathies—a great mistake. When you dismiss 'Adonais' as "a mere exercise of imagination with which the ordinary reader has little sympathy," unless you mean by the "ordinary reader" the person who never reads poetry, you give up your right to say anything of Shelley at all. You state also that he lived "a dull and joyless existence"! On p. 2 there is terrible confusion between poetic excellence and popularity. Your information is at fault. The 'Cenci' has been acted.

NIMNA.—Good for a very young author.

O. A.—All of them good in matter, but just a little dull and sad-toned in expression. They show thoughtfulness and observation, and are promising.

PANTOUFLE.—Good. I'd omit some of the verses if I were you, either 3 or 4, or 5 or 6. Number 6 is perhaps the poorest.

P. T.—In the verses you commit the unforgiveable sin. You give "horror" as a rhyme to "sorrow." And why did you put the matter into verse at all? The prose is only journalese. There is no real sequence of thought, the words are loosely used, and there are too many of them. I cannot see promise in your writing.

RASSELAS.—Pretty, but a little imitative. Your ear is uncertain and wants training. Some of the lines show a sense of music, others are very faulty. Verses 5 and 6 are poor.

SPHINX.—They were very well-behaved young persons your *dramatis personæ*, but not very interesting. I do not advise you to write more for some time to come.

STAGE-STRUCK.—This is an amusing farce of the old primitive order. There is plenty of "go" in it. It is open to doubt whether the suitors might not better have their interviews with the heroine alone at first. She could still refuse them *en bloc* afterwards when Harry comes on the scene. Offer it to an amateur dramatic society. That would give yourself the chance of seeing its weak points, and give it the chance of making a name for itself.

TRYPHOOD.—Was the MS. sent for serious criticism? The guileless garrulity of the nursery is delightful when not committed to paper.

V.—Very variable in quality. The best—and it is good—is "Retribution." The worst—and it is really poor—is "Satisfied." The others are fairly well turned, but are not very interesting.

VANBRUGH.—"Minor poet" is a term covering such varieties of power and skill that to find the average would need a long calculation. But you write verses you need not be ashamed of. Your power of expression is up till now very uncertain. Of the verses you send the sonnet is very good, but it has weak lines, *e.g.*, 7 and 8. The other has an excellent subject, but only two or three good lines, and leaves the impression that it is not quite ready to be seen. The metre is faulty.

W.B.C.—So far as your paper is a record of personal observation, and it is largely so, it is very good indeed. You might send it to a general magazine, though it might have more chance of success in a naturalist journal; or, if you were to name some of the places where your observations were made, local newspaper or periodical might take it. It is well expressed on the whole ("the year's hibernation" is bad), and there is stuff in it.

W. G. BELTREES.—I cannot see any evidence of literary power or poetical expression. Doubtless you were in a poetical mood when you wrote them, but your pen was a traitor. To write good verse is more toilsome than you think. Your verses are but half made. In "Two Pictures" there is not even one picture. You say that with you "rhythm flew easily forth." On the contrary, both are very halting, and it is only the use of capital letters that permits one to think verse is meant at all.

WORRY.—I don't wonder this graphic description gained the prize. Its vividness compensated for its weakness in grammar, a point you might pay some attention to for the sake of ingratiating yourself with more pedantic editors. Your pronouns have a way of running about your sentences claiming relationship with most of the other words, but never successfully proving the connection.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

CAIRD, E.—The Evolution of Religion, the Gifford Lectures, 1890-1, 2 vols, 14/- net. .....Maclehose

CALDERWOOD, H.—Evolution and Man's Place in Nature.Macmillan

[*An interesting and suggestive work from the point of view of a non-professional scientist. Professor Calderwood has, however, received the help of eminent men of science in the preparation of his illustrations. As giving a broad, general, and popular view of evolution, tracing the evidence of man's relation to the continuity of life on the earth, and describing the distinctive characteristics of human life itself, the book is of distinct service. It is written in a conciliatory spirit, which will commend its theories to the timid.*]

COX, W. L. P.—Scientific Study of Theology, 4/6 .....Skeffington

Gems on the Brow of Night, or the Mourner Comforted, 7/6 ....Shaw

HALL, Bishop.—Christ Mystical, or the Blessed Union of Christ and His Members, 3/6, Devotional Library ....Hodder & Stoughton

[*This edition is printed from General Gordon's copy, and the marks made by him in his constant perusal of what was one of his three favourite books, have been reproduced. The editor, the Rev. H. C. Wilson, to whom the copy was given, contributes an introduction on Gordon's theology. The volume is excellently printed and bound, and should take its place as a favourite edition of a noteworthy book.*]

ILLINGWORTH, J. R.—University and Cathedral Sermons, 5/- Macmillan

[*A volume of thoughtful sermons, preached in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, at Oxford and Cambridge, on "Conduct and Creed," "Vocation," "The Service of the Heart, the Mind, and the Soul," etc.*]

JOSEPH, Rev. M.—The Ideal in Judaism, and other Sermons, 5/- Nutt

LUCOCK, H. M.—The Church in Scotland, 6/-.....W. Gardner

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MOZLEY, Rev. T.—The Creed or a Philosophy, 7/6 .....Longmans

PARKER, J.—People's Bible, vol. 18, 8/- ....Hazell

PATER, W.—Plato and Platonism, a Series of Lectures, 8/6 Macmillan

[*See p.* 186.]

PIERSON, A. T.—Love in Wrath, or the Perfection of God's Judgments Passmore & Alabaster

[*An address given at the Mildmay Conference on June 21, 1892.*]

Pulpit Commentary, Ecclesiastes and Song of Solomon, 21/- K. Paul

PULSFORD, J.—Loyalty to Christ (Personal and Historic Christ), vol. 2, 7/6..... .....Simpkin

RAINY, R.—The Epistle to the Philippians, 7/6 (Expositor's Bible) Hodder & Stoughton

RYLANDS, F.—Ethics, an Introductory Manual, 3/6 .....Bell

SCHAFF, P.—History of the Christian Church: Modern Christianity, the Swiss Reformation, 2 vols, 21/- .....T. & T. Clark

[*See p.* 188.]

SIDEBOTHAM, H.—Pastoral Visitation of the Sick and Suffering, 5/- W. Gardner

SINCLAIR, Archdeacon.—The Prospects of the Principles of the Reformation in the Church of England, 1d.....Stock

[*An article by the Archdeacon of London, reprinted from* The Churchman.]

SPURGEON, C. H.—Words of Wisdom for Daily Life Passmore & Alabaster

[*Short homilies on moral and religious subjects, written in homely language, and illustrated by anecdotes.*]

STEPHEN, L.—An Agnostic's Apology, and other Essays, 10/6 Smith & Elder

VAUGHAN, C. J.—Restful Thoughts in Restless Times, 5/-.Macmillan

[*Sermons preached in the Temple Church and in Llandaff Cathedral. Some of them are on subjects of particular interest to modern Churchmen, and are treated in a broad and generous spirit. But their practical utility is often marred by a vague remoteness of language—e.g., "competitions which fill senates," for elections, and occasionally by a corresponding vagueness of idea.*]

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[*See p.* 190.]

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[*See p.* 191.]

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MARRIOTT-WATSON, H. B.—Diogenes of London, and other Fantasies, 6/- ..... Methuen
MARSH, R.—The Devil's Diamond, 3/6 ..... Henry
[*See p.* 191.]
MORRISON, A.—The Fate of Fred Lavers, 3/6 .....Digby & Long
[*A melodrama in which mesmerism and wickedness play leading parts. The tastes of the hero—not Lavers who is the villain and adores Paris—may be guessed from his apostrophe to Brighton—"Would that I had been born in thee, lived in thee, and spent in thee all the days of my life! There is a sacred balm for me in Brighton!" At Brighton he partakes of a "breakfast of palatable viands," which accounts for some of his enthusiasm. His patriotism is of a hearty and uncompromising kind. "England is the 'Home' not only of beauty, but of every man, woman, and child under heaven." He spends a good deal of time in having his fortune told; the rest in hankering after the flesh-pots, or in somewhat purposeless wandering about the globe at quite a long distance from Brighton.*]
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[*See p.* 190.]
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[*See p.* 190.]
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[*See p.* 187.]
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[*See p.* 189.]
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The Emancipation of Women, by Adele Crepaz, Social Science Series, 2/6 .....Sonnenschein
[*Except for the notoriety which Mr. Gladstone's repeated opinion has given to this and Fraulein Crepaz's former work, it would have been better for the publishers to have entrusted the writing of this book on the dangers of political emancipation to an Englishwoman. It contains a fairly comprehensive survey of the earlier movement for the educational and political emancipation of women, but the information as to the later phases in England and America, and as to the stage of opinion which these countries have reached, is vague and behindhand.*]
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[*Vol. III. is devoted to essays and statistics bearing on Blocks of Buildings, Schools, and Immigration. Among the contributors, besides the editor, are Miss Octavia Hill, Mr. Llewellyn Smith, Miss Sydney Webb (Miss Beatrice Potter), and Miss Collet. The chapters on the Influx of Population and on the Jewish Community in East London are of especial interest.*]
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1. Wandering Jew, by Robert Buchanan. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
2. An Agnostic's Apology, by Leslie Stephen. 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
3. Green Bays: A Book of Verses, by Q. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
4. The Dream, by Emile Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)
5. Christ in the Centuries, by Rev. A. M. Fairbairn. 3s. 6d. (S. Low.)
6. Extinct Monsters, by H. M. Hutchinson. 12s. (Chapman and Hall.)

LONDON, E.C.

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2. Green Bays, by "Q." 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
3. A Country Muse, by Norman Gale. 3s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)
4. Border Waverley. Vols. 6s. net. (Nimmo.)
5. Christ in the Centuries. Fairbairn. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
6. Mildmay, by Miss Cooke. 3s. 6d. (Stock).

LIVERPOOL.

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2. Rob Roy. Border Edition Waverley.
3. Braddon's Venetians.
4. Marsden's On Sledge and Horseback.
5. Dickens' Works. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
6. Ball's Atlas of Astronomy.

MANCHESTER.

1. Zola's Dream.
2. Golf and Shooting. Badminton Library.
3. Kipling.
4. Tennyson.
5. Fairbairn (Preachers of the Age).
6. Chambers' Encyclopædia, vol. 10.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Mr. Watson's Poems.
2. Mr. Leslie Stephen: An Agnostic's Apology.
3. Mr. Buchanan: The Wandering Jew.
4. Bishop Westcott: Teacher and Scholar: A Memory and a Hope.
5. Q.: Green Bays.
6. Zola: The Downfall.

The interest in Mr. Watson is still maintained. In Birmingham his books have met with an extensive sale, and quite a "Watson School" has been established.

LEEDS.

1. Nor Wife nor Maid. Mrs. Hungerford. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
2. For Lilias. Rosa Carey. 6s. (Bentley.)
3. The Dream. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
4. Green Bays. Q. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
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3. The Year's Art. 3s. 6d. (Virtue.)
4. Autocrat and Professor, by Holmes. 2s. New edition. (Chatto and Windus.)
5. The Dream, by Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
6. The Venetians, by Braddon. 2s. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

A large sale of the first book was naturally expected here on account of the Principal's former connection with the town.

It is remarkable that although such a furious controversy has been raging over Buchanan's 'Wandering Jew,' the sale in Bradford has been extremely small.

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2. Window in Thrums. Barrie.
3. Tennyson's Works. Various prices.
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HULL.

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